

THE LIVING AGE

VOLUME 313 — NUMBER 4062

MAY 13, 1922

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

NATIVE LABOR IN TROPICAL AFRICA

A CONGO correspondent of *Le Peuple* reports a very high mortality among the natives of that territory. In certain 'camps' the annual death rate is 6 per cent among soldiers and 14 per cent among laborers. The Governor-General recently condemned the treatment of natives by European employers. A rumor is current, though this correspondent does not confirm it by specific data, that the Black laborers employed at the Kalo mines are 'treated with a cruelty that surpasses belief. They are forced to work in the water from 6 A.M. until 7 P.M. They are fed only canned goods and these in insufficient quantities.' The shortage of provisions at the mines was attributed by the Governor-General to the lack of foresight shown by the natives themselves, who — presumably during their leisure from 7 P.M. to 6 A.M. — 'do not cultivate enough land to ensure themselves against shortage in times of drought.' The local authorities complain because the missionaries 'exceed their rights by interfering in controversies between White employers and Black laborers.' Missionaries are also charged with giving medical treatment to natives, although they possess no medical knowledge.

Humanité, under the title, 'Slavery in French Togo,' discusses reports from that colony recently ventilated in the French Chamber of Deputies. The author of this article, Félicien Challaye, who is a writer of distinction and authority, asserts that after a long struggle, due to the opposition of liberal and humanitarian elements in France and the French colonies, a system of forced labor, similar to that which prevailed in the Belgian Congo under King Leopold, has been inaugurated in Togo. A company organized in Paris last year to develop a concession in that colony — two members of the Chamber of Deputies were among the promoters — secured very large grants of land in that region. The contract between these concessioners and the Government contains the following clause (Article VIII, Paragraph²):—

The lessor (the French Commissioner-General of Togo) hereby engages, in the name of the local administration, to furnish upon demand, as he has hitherto, agricultural labor of the class known as *ouvriers cabraïs* sufficient for operating this grant.

Commenting on this clause, the author of the article says:—

There is no doubt as to its meaning. The Government agreed to send policemen and soldiers to the villages to seize the men that the concessioners needed and to deliver

them to the latter as provisional slaves. The fact that these Black workers receive a trifling wage pittance does not change the fact that their labor is forced labor.

Among the interesting features of the debate that these revelations started in the Chamber was the fact that M. Diagne, a Negro deputy from tropical Africa, who has been a champion of Black recruiting for the army, defended this practice, adding: 'All the concessions in the hands of Englishmen and Frenchmen in Togo are worked in this manner.'

It should be added that the colonial authorities were compelled to annul this particular contract. M. Diagne's avowal, however, seems to cover a much broader field.



THE SHOE ON THE OTHER FOOT

COMPARED with the neighboring Asiatic mainland, Japan is a high-wage country. During the war boom and the post-war boom, Japanese employers imported coolies and operatives from China and Korea to work in their mines, smelters, and textile mills. Now that unemployment has become a serious problem in Japan, the native workers consider the presence of this alien labor a grievance. Their attitude toward these invaders is quite similar to the attitude of White labor on the Pacific coast toward the Japanese themselves. The *Herald of Asia* comments as follows upon the problem thus presented: —

No matter how irritating may be the situation created by Chinese laborers domiciled in Japan, when they, because of their lower standard of living, are willing and able to accept wages which give them an undue advantage in competition with Japanese workmen, it would seem that the attempt to meet the situation by drastic deportations denotes an extremely short-sighted policy. It is easy to understand the exasperation of Japanese laborers who find

themselves without employment, simply because this is snatched away from under their eyes by aliens who are not better workmen, but who excel solely in the very questionable advantage of being willing to live on an even more penurious scale than that which the Japanese laborer, simple as are his needs, will accept.

Undoubtedly the easy way to meet the situation is to kick the Chinese out; but, quite aside from the justice or injustice in the individual cases, it must be remembered that the principle involved is extremely far-reaching, and it will be difficult for Japan, when the California question comes to the fore again, as it is likely to do at any time, to gain much credence for sincerity when she condemns America for maintaining a practice which she herself indulges in. We have talked much about the injustice of the treatment meted out to our countrymen in California, and, particularly recently, we have insisted on respect being paid to the rights, legal as well as moral, of the Japanese already domiciled in the United States. In doing so we have been absolutely in the right, a fact which right-minded and fair Americans admit. Our problem with the Chinese, however, presents in miniature the same difficulties as does that of the Japanese to the Americans; and it does not seem possible that we shall be able to argue that deporting Japanese from America, or at least placing them under grievous disadvantages, is unjust, when we ourselves are treating the Chinese within our gates in just the manner which we condemn when we address our complaints to America.



A CLERICAL SOCIALIST

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Times* thus describes Don Luigi Sturzo, 'the strongest force in Italian politics.' This leader, and indeed founder, of the new and powerful Clerical Party in that country is fifty-one years old, a 'neat, short, lean, pale man with dark piercing eyes, a tremendous nose, finely cut mouth, and well-shaped hands never still — vivacious, energetic in action, yet sweet in manner.' An untir-

ing worker, he is popularly known in Italy as the 'Little Lenin.' There is nothing destructive or revolutionary in his programme. He enjoyed the unbounded confidence of the late Pope.

He is a patient, capable, shrewd builder, a methodical, practical-minded man. Of noble Sicilian birth, he is the very opposite of what popular imagination conceives the typical Southern Italian to be. Impulsive but without apparent warmth, he is as calm and rigid as an Anglo-Saxon. An ordained priest, he passed most of his life in his native town of Caltagirone, where he took great interest in municipal and social affairs. For many years he was a municipal official, and it was through his interest in municipal and administrative reforms that he became associated with national politics.

Although sympathetic with modernism in the Church, his orthodoxy has never been assailed. When the People's Party won its great success in the first post-war election, returning more than one hundred of its candidates to Parliament, this was regarded as an achievement and a triumph for Don Sturzo. He champions what would be considered in America the most radical social reforms, particularly the subdivision of the large estates—naturally in return for compensation—among the cultivators and under conditions that will enable the present tenant and farm laboring classes to acquire small freeholds.



A FRENCHMAN ON FRANCO-AMERICAN RELATIONS

DUMONT-WILDEN, who writes the leading political articles in the *Revue Bleue*, comments upon the relations of France and the United States as follows:—

The Americans believe they know us, and do not know us; we believe we know the Americans, and do not know them. Their

primitive religious feeling, characteristic of a young people and necessarily expressing itself in Puritanism, impresses us as rank pharisaism. On the other hand, the Americans have not the slightest understanding of the subtleties of our religion or our irreligion. We are governed by our ancestors; the Americans have forgotten theirs. They have a naïve reverence for abstract right and for ideals; we treat those primitive notions of every civilization with the familiarity of old acquaintances. They regard us as trivial, skeptical, and vain. In their eyes we are a race of *Graeculi*. We regard them as naïve and a trifle stupid. They have the Anglo-Saxon and Protestant conception of life, which is the very antithesis of the Latin and Catholic conception, and they are profoundly ignorant of European history. So we can readily comprehend why this reciprocal misunderstanding exists.

Beyond this lack of mutual comprehension lie economic influences perhaps more serious and more profound than those already mentioned. The Americans are persuading themselves more and more that they can dispense henceforth with the manufactures and the markets of Europe. They have convinced themselves that the centre of civilization and of world commerce has shifted, and that fifty years hence the real heart of the world will be upon the shores of the Pacific. Therefore they regard the Pacific question as of supreme importance. Compared with that vast prospect, the reconstruction of Europe—including the reconstruction of France—is a matter of relatively less importance. They blame us and despise us for not seeing the world problem from their standpoint.

The author then proceeds to argue that the United States cannot dispense with Europe, from which she has sprung, and of whose blood and civilization her people are a part.

The Americans belong to the White race, and if the collapse of Europe deposes that race from its throne, the United States will feel the effects as well as the older nations from which she sprang. If it is true that the axis of civilization has shifted from the Atlantic to the Pacific, White America will

sooner or later be forced to dispute the mastery of that ocean with a revived Asia. She will need Europe then; for all her gold will not ensure her safety in that crisis.

*

THE 'DOUGLAS CREDIT SCHEME'

THE *New Statesman* has lately discussed at length two books by Major C. H. Douglas, *Economic Democracy* and *Credit-Power and Democracy*, that have attracted considerable attention in England, notwithstanding the author's obscure style, which is 'almost unintelligible,' and his use of economic terms with arbitrary and quite original meanings that he does not take the trouble to explain. Such sentences as the following are quoted to illustrate the difficulty of following the author's processes of reasoning: —

The question is, what should the price (of boots) be? The answer to this is a statement of the average depreciation of the capital assets of the community stated in terms of money released over an equal period of time, and the correct price is the money *value* of this depreciation in terms of the cost of the article.

Perhaps the mystery of the author's meaning enhances the attraction of his theories for certain readers. Omitting the critical and destructive part of the author's argument, which centres in a savage attack upon the present banking system, supported by familiar Marxian doctrines, his constructive proposals are to establish in each important industry — he suggests coal mining for the first experiment — a 'producers' bank.' Only employees can be shareholders. No employee shall have more than one vote, and all wages and salaries are to be paid into the institution, to be drawn out by the employees on personal checks. This constant flow of money, it is argued, will give the bank a strong enough financial standing to enable it to 'issue

credit' on its own account. Therefore it shall have preferential right to finance future capital issues connected with the development of the industry, thus eventually obtaining complete financial control of that particular line of production.

There are many other details, some of which certainly appear absurd to the ordinary economic reasoner. Naturally the application of this scheme to any large industry would cause an immense inflation of paper currency, and if it were applied simultaneously to a large number of industries, the effect on circulation would certainly be remarkable, if not entirely gratifying. According to the *New Statesman*, which is inclined to regard what it considers sane radicalism with considerable favor, the whole theory of the Douglas plan is founded upon banks and credit, and yet the ideas of the author upon banking and credit transactions 'are such as could not be entertained by an apprentice bank-clerk of a week's standing.' The significance of this episode in economic radicalism is that the proposal should have received so much consideration. This is the more remarkable in view of the unattractive style in which these theories are presented. The Labor Party has appointed a committee to study the project.

*

BETWEEN SOFIA AND ANGORA

DR. STEPHEN STEINER of the *Neue Freie Presse*, writing from Constantinople after a recent tour of Bulgaria and Greece, says: —

However bitter the hostility between the Serbs and Bulgars may be, it is ardent love compared with the hatred between the Greeks and the Bulgars. The Serbs and the Bulgars are at least half Slav — quarreling brothers, but still brothers. The hatred between the Bulgars and the Greeks is a bitter, unappeasable hatred rooted in the very

depths of the national soul. Each element has but one thought: to exterminate the other. It may be possible to overcome in due time the hostility between the Rumanians and the Bulgars and between the Serbs and the Bulgars; but never will it be possible to overcome the hostility between the Greeks and the Bulgars.

A Sofia correspondent of the *New Statesman*, discussing the problem of the Near East, prints the following figures giving the total population of Western Thrace from a census taken two years ago under French auspices, during the Interallied Occupation of that territory: Bulgarians, including Mohammedans of that race, 80,893; Turks, 73,220; Greeks, 51,706; Jews, Armenians, and Gypsies, 6803. The Greek residents of Western Thrace inhabit only the coast towns. The back country is peopled by the other two nationalities. This correspondent asserts that the Bulgarians would constitute a still larger proportion of the population were it not for the 'scores of thousands' of fugitives who have been driven out of the country and are now finding a temporary home in Sofia and its vicinity.

Reports that American capital is seeking to penetrate Asia Minor, and that representatives of large American interests are negotiating with the Angora Turks, keep appearing in the European press. The Constantinople correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* says that the Turks welcomed the American representatives so enthusiastically that the latter 'were forced to delay negotiations for fear of unduly exceeding their instructions.' This correspondent conjectures that the Turks are eager to encourage American capital because they believe in our political disinterestedness — very obvious since we refused the Armenian Mandate — and because they hope, by showing favor to American enterprises,

to bring pressure upon the British to adopt a more friendly attitude toward their political aspirations. This correspondent thinks that there may be some justification in that attitude, 'though the Turks probably overestimate British dread of competing American interests.'

The Constantinople correspondent of *La Stampa* says that Kemal Pasha opposes allowing Turkish women to discard their veils. In Constantinople Turkish women have been appearing in public without veils for a considerable period, and this innovation has been thought to symbolize Constantinople's change from a typical city of the East to a cosmopolitan metropolis of the Western type. It is predicted, however, that Turkish women will resume their veils little by little, after the Turkish Nationalists restore Turkish sovereignty in Thrace and on the Dardanelles.

✱

MINOR NOTES

COMMENTING upon his approaching arrest, which he foresaw was inevitable, Gandhi wrote in his Ahmadabad organ, *Young India*, of March 9: —

I do not know that my removal from their midst will not be a benefit to the people. In the first instance, the superstition about the possession of supernatural powers by me will be demolished. Secondly, the belief that people have accepted the noncoöperation programme only under my influence, and that they have no independent faith in it, will be disproved. Thirdly, our capacity for Swaraj (self-government) will be proved by our ability to conduct our activities in spite of the withdrawal even of the originator of the current programme. Fourthly and selfishly, it will give me a quiet and physical rest, which perhaps I deserve.

READERS who recall the article on the Spanish Foreign Legion, in the *Living Age* of March 26, may be inter-

ested in a much less favorable account of service in that organization, written by an American soldier, and published in the *American Legion Weekly* of April 7.

THE impossible situation into which European finances have fallen, as a result of inflation, is illustrated by the effect of the last note of the Reparations Commission to Germany. That country's foreign creditors had been insisting that the Berlin Government should balance its budget. The effect of the note of the Reparations Commission was to start a new decline of the mark, which, at present writing, is worth less than one third of a cent; and that decline is estimated to have added twenty-eight billions to the deficit in the German budget. This deficit is not merely a juggling of figures. Wages, prices, and ability to pay taxes have not advanced with the decline of the mark; but since Germany's deficits are due largely to her obligations to other countries, her income fails, by approximately the amount in question, to meet that proportion of her foreign obligations for which she had previously provided. In other words, it will take twenty-eight billions of marks more, at present exchange, to purchase a specified quantity of dollars, sovereigns, or gold marks, than it would have taken two months ago.

CURRENCY depreciation has tended to discourage bond investments in Germany, because all securities based upon paper marks decrease in value *pari passu* with the purchasing power of money. This situation has suggested the issuance of a new form of debenture loans. These new securities bear fixed interest at 5 per cent, and additional interest the rate of which will depend on the dividends paid to the shareholders, and may in favorable cases

rise to 5 per cent in addition. A large electrical company and a brewery and distillery combine have already issued bonds of this type.

IN connection with the British campaign for governmental economy, a strong protest has been made in the House of Lords over the lavish scale on which the various international commissions traveling about Europe for the Government are staffed and remunerated. One minor official attached to a mission in Hungary receives as much money in a month as the Hungarian Prime Minister receives in a year. The head of the League of Nations Commission in Bulgaria is an Englishman who spends most of his time in Smyrna. Although there were only eight airplanes in that country, a mission to control them, including two or three British aviation officers, has been maintained at Sofia; and although there are only four vessels to be controlled on the Danube, it has been proposed to send four admirals and their staffs to report on this flotilla. The Reparations Commission to Bulgaria arrived at Sofia on a special train and immediately commandeered the best buildings in the city for the private and public accommodation of its members. The spectacle of these missions battenning on bankrupt nations is one of the most repulsive post-war phenomena in Europe. The staffs and salaries of these commissions are fixed by an agreement among the Allies.

IN January 1922, more than one million, nine hundred thousand spindles were in operation or in process of installation in China's cotton mills. This represented an increase of more than four hundred thousand spindles within a year. China now spins by machinery half a million bales of cotton annually.

HOPING FOR CHINA

BY W. S. A. POTT

From the *Review of the Far East*, February 25
(SHANGHAI ENGLISH-LANGUAGE ANTI-JAPANESE WEEKLY)

THERE are a great many foreign residents in China who are hopeful for this old country. I suppose that there are a great many more who want to be hopeful, but don't quite know how to be. The wish does n't produce the thought quite so easily for this second class, and yet the wish is certainly there.

The American seems to be doing the most wishing and hoping, because there is a streak of enthusiasm in his psychological make-up that manifests itself in various and sundry shapes and forms, some very attractive and agreeable, some not quite so pleasing. Whatever may be said about the saneness of what may be called the disinterested interest of the thinking American in China, and however justifiable and practicable his hopes may be, still it remains a most conspicuous fact that he is boosting for China. He is an incurable booster.

Now one important result of this national trait is that the American lets himself in for a good deal of anxiety and vexation of spirit, and the cynic would say, 'much more than the facts actually warrant.' It is unnecessary to dwell at any greater length upon a prominent feature of our national psychology. It's all more or less a matter of common knowledge. But it is worth noting that the American is anything but supercilious. He has a buoyant confidence, if not in the natural excellence of things and institutions, then in their improvability. He wants to be an optimist all the time; and he possesses

as a rule a great deal of high-mindedness along with a great deal of wrong-headedness.

Confronted now with the spectacle, the melancholy fact of the present China, he begins to wonder whether he ought to be as optimistic as he would like to be. He allows himself to get worked up and peeved much more than he needs to be, we are told, in the eyes of the Chinese themselves. All this worry and flurry is entirely too gratuitous. But still the American has a crusading nature, and so he will be annoyed. He can't be passive and indifferent. Oriental passivity and indifference themselves provoke him. Hence he is prone to fall into pessimism by way of reaction. For pessimism is born of the felt discrepancy between hopes and ambitions on the one hand and their ultimate attainability on the other.

Of course the above analysis does n't apply exclusively to the American. It is pretty much true of all Occidentals coming out here to live and taking the trouble to try to think through things. But it is extensively true of Americans, and one may be allowed to record such an observation without any intention to draw invidious distinctions.

The whole world is thinking about China and speculating about her to a most marked degree. One has only to look through the various home magazines to be impressed by the extent with which the thought of the West is turning toward the nation. But the thing that particularly impresses one about all this thought and discussion is its

character and tone rather than its volume and extent. For the most part it is very optimistic. It would seem that most Americans back home are uncritically committed to the view that since China has glimpsed the 'Beatific Vision' of constitutional and representative government, and therefore 'democracy,' it won't be long now before China is well on her feet. This optimism is very much more widespread at home than it is among foreigners residing in the Far East.

It would further seem that a great deal of the pessimism and the optimism about China is faulty because both alike set out from the same false premises. Perhaps if we would recognize what indeed we have been told often enough in one way or another, that there are certain very significant differences between China socially and politically and the West socially and politically, and appreciate what some of these significant differences are, we would n't be quite so prone to indulge in facile optimism nor, on the other hand, to wax too pessimistic. For we would then take a long-range view, and perhaps discover a long-range optimism that would n't contradict even a short-range pessimism. But whatever China is slated for, the outcome is as yet too remote to be at all categorical about. In hoping for China one's hopes must be projected pretty far into the future.

The Kipling sentiment that East is East and West is West contains much lurking mischief and misunderstanding, if construed to mean that a permanent and profound gulf separates the Oriental from his Occidental brother. Yet it is a perfectly correct sentiment if taken to mean that for the time being there exist, and will exist for a long time to come, certain fundamental differences in outlook due to certain fundamental divergences of history and racial experience. To take one illustration that may ap-

pear at first sight to be more in the nature of an abstract digression: We have heard more than one foreign evangelist remark that the Chinese as a people don't seem to have a sense of sin. It is n't intended that they are any more wicked than the Westerners. Many will think that the contrary is the case! Nor is it meant that the Chinese have n't well-defined ideas of right and wrong and very definite standards of moral excellence and moral obliquity. This would be altogether too absurd a view to entertain for a moment concerning a people which has throughout its history placed such lofty emphasis upon virtue and character.

But what is the essence, so to speak, of the Western notion of sin? This would be hard to say, but it certainly involves the influence which the ideas about the sexual life have exerted upon the development of Western civilization. This is not the place to defend such a thesis, but we believe it could be defended. The point to be noted is that, because there have not been in China the same sexual ideas at the basis of a common religion, and because of the Chinese views as to the family and ancestor worship, so that celibacy has never figured as a conspicuous force or ideal in Chinese society, the religious outlook of the Chinese may vary in at least one very important respect from that of the Westerner.

Is there a corresponding difference in political outlook that would throw any light on the important problem of setting up a democracy in China that would 'democ' and really work? No doubt there must be.

Saving China, we would remark parenthetically, is an interesting, albeit a baffling easy-chair pastime. One can mention all sorts of reforms and improvements that China needs, and one can spend much time arranging them in the order of their urgency and impor-

tance. It is being done, and done so much that there is no longer any novelty to the reiterated schedule of needs for a China in turmoil and transition. It may be the unification of North and South, or the expulsion of the present Peking Government, or the abolition of the Tuchenate, or the disbandment of the soldiery, or the protection of China's sovereignty and integrity from foreign aggression, or the development of trade and communications, or education, or any number of other measures.

Each and all of these measures are essential; and the discouraging thing is that they don't proceed rapidly enough, if, indeed, they show themselves at all. The difficulty is similar to what was called the 'Retroactive Existence of Mr. Juggins,' the story of a man who, before he could satisfactorily take any step, always found that there were certain antecedent conditions that had to be fulfilled. These in turn led to other conditioning requirements, so that the last state of the poor man was worse than the first. He ended up in nothing but complete distraction. He should have gone ahead the best he could.

China has got to go ahead the best she can, and, looking at the political predicaments of the country by and large, it is n't surprising that progress should be so slow. When all is said and done, the alarming and precarious state of the country, however regrettable or reprehensible, has an explanation and therefore, perhaps, a promise of something better.

For this explanation it is time to turn to a mention of the political notions which have existed so long in China, which diverge so sharply from those of the West and which still make their influence felt in these disjointed times.

Political experience, according to our Western ways of thinking, is certainly conspicuous for its absence in China. The lack of this political experience is

frequently brought forward as a plea in extenuation of the numerous ills of the land. We are told to be patient, and all will be well in the end. China is experimenting with new methods and new institutions, but she'll get the hang of them sooner or later, and then the world will sit up and take notice. So the argument runs. But this term 'political experience' has to be taken in a very broad sense to include method and volition and point of view; and one may venture the opinion that most of us are not taking the term in a sufficiently comprehensive sense.

It is a long cry from paternalism to democracy, and the successful passage from the one to the other calls for nothing less than a thorough transformation in the social and political habits of feeling and thinking of the conventional four hundred million, a vast population that is inarticulate and for the most part uneducated. Paternalism spells a personal point of view. For under such a system there is n't the distinction between the personal and private viewpoint and the public viewpoint. There has been no occasion for the distinction, and so it has n't existed.

Dependence and absence of initiative and self-reliance are some of the more obvious results of a society and nation erected upon a special view of the family and extending its paternalistic conception to the sphere of government. But a result far more subtle, but none the less real, is what has just been called the personal viewpoint. The inability to take an objective, as distinguished from a personal, view of things in general is a striking characteristic of Chinese psychology. It is not necessarily a permanent characteristic, but it has its roots deep in Chinese organization and will not soon disappear. Perhaps its complete disappearance would be more of a loss than a gain.

All this may seem somewhat far-

fetched, and yet it is hard to escape the conviction that it has much to do with the case. The insinuation of the personal viewpoint into so many phases of Chinese society is revealed in the more ordinary and often trivial relations of life as 'loss of face.' However, it goes further than this, and a great deal further than this. It accounts very largely for the corruption, the absence of public honesty, as we think of public honesty, the patronage and wire-pulling, the absence of public conscience, the ambition in the form of self-aggrandizement, and many other patent evils of present-day China. How else, for example, can one explain the offer of several million dollars to the Government by military chiefs who have committed every crime in the catalogue against individuals and against the state? Personal benefits and personal reparations don't go with democracy.

A democracy in our sense of the word calls for a more or less objective, depersonalized viewpoint. Not that we have it in America or the other countries of the West in a thorough degree. Yet the very conception of civic freedom as resting on certain personal and legal rights, and the impartial and objective view of the state and its governmental machinery as existing through the will of and for the sake of autonomous individual citizens, are at the very heart of Western democracy. These ideas are Roman in origin, and, though still imperfectly worked out, are an intimate part of the Western tradition. This thought, then, occurs: How much more commotion must such conceptions produce in a China with a totally different tradition!

We look for progress in China, and we see marks of progress in a material sense. For some this material advance is, to be sure, all too slow. These are the people who forget that most of the inventions and discoveries on which

modern industry and commerce are built up, and most of the conveniences and indispensable apparatus of private and associated life, are the achievements of the last century. The outward and visible transformation of China proceeds, however, and will continue to proceed. The transformation of the political consciousness will likewise proceed, but more slowly. The outcome, too, will not be exactly like anything we have ever known.

To stop here, without some concrete reference to recent events, would be to leave the discussion suspended in the region of mere generalities. Some such long-range view of China's future as has been sketchily suggested in the foregoing paragraphs is of vital importance for China. It is perhaps of greater importance now than ever before, because China is being thought of as definitively arrived at the crossroads.

The concluding remarks of Mr. Balfour at the close of the Washington Conference, to the effect that China is now given her long-desired opportunity and must now justify herself in the eyes of the world, were a timely utterance. But one must be on his guard against falling into the error of thinking that China either can or is likely to make good as soon as one would wish. The too sanguine friend of China, therefore, as well as the too sanguine Western-trained Chinese student, may well be the actual enemies of China, in that they provoke the impatience of those not so friendly. What she needs is an intelligent tolerance, which is, of course, something quite different from mere acquiescence in things as they are.

There is little to justify the expectation of a speedy realization of enlightened democracy. On the other hand, there is little to justify despair as to the final outcome. In short, the now-or-never attitude is the wrong attitude to take toward China.

AUSTRALIA'S VITAL PROBLEM

BY F. A. W. GISBORNE

From the *National Review*, April
(LONDON TORY MONTHLY)

I am deeply impressed by your magnificent natural riches, but I leave lovely Australia haunted and saddened by thoughts of your weakness. . . . One can almost smell the East on your Northern winds, and yet I have met scarcely a score of men and women in Australia with any sense of the imminent danger in which this country stands. Within a fortnight's steam of your Commonwealth you have hundreds of millions of people, all of whom are crowded and restless, and some ambitious and powerful. Their yearly increase by birth is more than five millions, yet you go about your work and play as though the lust for territory had not all down the centuries been a cause of war, and as though the history of the world had not been the story of the overthrow of the weak by the strong. . . . I am staggered by the indifference of the Australian people to the vital question of immigration. — LORD NORTHCLIFFE's statement on leaving Australia, October 1, 1921.

THE reproachful words quoted at the head of this article, uttered by a singularly acute observer on the eve of his departure from Australia, have only too strong justification. The vital questions of immigration and land settlement have for the last twenty years been practically ignored by Australian Parliaments, whose members, with rare exceptions, have occupied themselves, to borrow Lord Northcliffe's scornful phrase, mainly in 'the foolish pursuit of trivialities.'

Prior to federation, indeed, several of the State Governments, particularly those of New South Wales, Queensland, and Victoria, showed a keen perception of the need of introducing immigrants. But hitherto the Federal Parliament has done nothing effective in this direction. Rather it has busied itself in passing laws that have tended more to check than to encourage immi-

gration; and by the formal pronouncement of a racial doctrine which is a standing challenge and affront to the colored races, it has both aroused dangerous enmities and prevented the effective settlement of the most vulnerable portion of the Australian continent.

The propinquity of a continent like Australia, in which there are less than two inhabitants to the square mile, to regions such as the basin of the Ganges in India and that of the Yangtze in China, where the average density of population amounts to 800 for the same area, is a singular and suggestive fact. The small island of Java alone contains six times as many people as its huge Southern neighbor. We see, as it were, at the very gates of the crowded city, swarming with half-starved inhabitants, an immense untitled estate, owned by a small family of luxurious proprietors, who by minatory notices forbid entry to their domains. The contrast is striking. It is also ominous.

Australia, like the Mother Country, suffered heavily during the war. Nearly 60,000 of the flower of her manhood perished, and the efficiency of nearly, if not quite, as many more has been permanently impaired. Her public debt at the same time was increased by over £400,000,000. Such losses in men and money alone emphasize the necessity for taking steps to strengthen her home garrison, fill her empty spaces, and make good the wastage of war.

In response to the urgent call of the

times, two organizations have lately been formed in Australia with a view to furthering the desirable objects just indicated. The one, known as the 'New Settlers' League,' is now represented in all the Australian States, and includes in its membership men of influence belonging to all political parties, classes, and professions. The other, whose watchword, 'A million farmers for a million farms,' sufficiently denotes its immediate objective, owes its origin and inspiration to one of the most distinguished public men in Australia, Sir Joseph Carruthers, a former Premier of New South Wales. Under his auspices, strong committees have been formed in Sydney and elsewhere to carry on a vigorous immigration propaganda, care being taken to avoid any connection with party politics and to conduct the movement solely as a national one. The leaders of both organizations are acting in concert, with a view to the introduction, on a large scale, of agriculturists of a suitable type from Great Britain and certain other countries and their settlement on Australian soil.

The proposals put forward by Sir Joseph Carruthers and his associates are explained in detail in the publications issued by the 'Million Farms Campaign Committee' in Sydney, and an elaborate scheme of immigration and settlement is there outlined. Briefly, it is proposed that the Federal Government of Australia and the British Government should combine to provide a sum provisionally fixed at £30,000,000, in order to assist the migration of suitable persons from the Mother Country to Australia, and to establish them there. It is pointed out that England is now paying from £1,500,000 to £2,000,000 a week in supporting her unemployed, and the transfer of a considerable number of these to Australia would be a relief to her and a benefit to the Commonwealth.

The conversion of recipients of State doles at home into producers of agricultural wealth abroad would mean cheaper and more abundant supplies of food and raw material for the British masses and enlarged opportunities for British trade. Moreover, the stronger Australia becomes, the less likely is she to require help in the event of future trouble, and the more capable she will be of assisting Great Britain should a fresh European conflagration break out.

With the Governments before mentioned would be associated those of the Australian States, whose coöperation, seeing that they control all the land in Australia outside the Northern Territory and the small Federal reserve at Canberra, would be essential to the success of the scheme. By mutual agreement suitable areas of unoccupied land would be set aside for new settlement; these would be opened up, where necessary, by roads and railways, and in dry districts where the required facilities for water storage existed, irrigation works would be constructed. Employment for the first contingents of new settlers might be provided by these works, and as each area was rendered accessible, and sufficiently improved for cultivation, it would be divided into holdings of a suitable size and sold on the time-payment system to the newcomers. It is proposed that the terms should be most liberal, and that a period of not less than thirty years should be allowed to each settler for completing the purchase of his holding.

The scheme comprehends also a system of community settlement, the establishment of model farms for the training of inexperienced settlers, and the reservation of township sites, precautions being taken to exclude from the latter the undesirable land-speculator. The proposal to settle the immi-

grant farmers and their families in groups, so as to ensure them the enjoyment of ordinary social conveniences, and secure also economy in the labor of development and transport, is a distinct improvement on the old haphazard methods. These resulted often in vast tracts of country becoming thinly sprinkled with a hundred or two agricultural hermits who lived austere and laborious lives and, owing to the distances that separated their holdings, were unable to improve their surroundings and add to their comforts by judicious coöperation. Self-help is an admirable quality, but in excess it leads to a rather intractable individualism and entails a lamentable waste of energy. And in these times the farmer and his family have social tastes and cravings which were quite unknown to the rude pioneer of former days.

The selection and disposal of the areas required for settlement under the 'Million Farms' scheme would be confided to a specially constituted Trust, composed of thoroughly practical men. This body would plan and supervise the necessary developmental work, and make use of the funds placed at its disposal to the best advantage. In regard to finance, it is roughly estimated that the expenditure for the first year would be £2,000,000, for the second £5,000,000, and £7,500,000 for each of the three succeeding years. In return for the entire outlay of £30,000,000 it is calculated that not less than 1500 miles of railways would be constructed, and quite 40,000,000 acres of land suitable for settlement provided with cheap means of communication.

The expenditure would also cover a good deal of additional developmental work in the way of roads and bridges, and would provide, where necessary, facilities for irrigation. The holdings would, of course, vary in size according to the quality and situation of the land.

The minimum in the irrigated areas would be 10 or 15 acres. At present the average size of freeholds in Australia is about 650 acres each, but it is needless to say land, being plentiful, is wastefully used.

That land even of but moderate quality is capable, when irrigated, of maintaining in a degree of comfort consistent even with Australian requirements large numbers of people, has been sufficiently proved by the experience of the settlers at Mildura. In its original state the land there was not considered worth even 10s: an acre, and large areas carried only a few sheep. In 1887 the Chaffey Brothers made an agreement with the State Government of Victoria under which they received a grant of 50,000 acres of land on the Murray, on condition that they should spend £300,000 in improvements within twenty years. The right of acquiring an additional 200,000 acres at £1 per acre, provided another £220,000 should be spent in a similar way, was also given.

In 1894, after the sum of £350,000 had been spent in subdividing and irrigating the land, no fewer than 3500 people were settled on it, and the area cultivated was 8225 acres. There are now 30,000 acres of irrigated land at Mildura, supporting a population exceeding 55 to the square mile, and yielding grapes, citrus fruits, and other agricultural produce to the value of about £1,000,000 annually. Seeing that, according to an estimate made by Sir Timothy Coghlan, there are no less than 51,200,000 acres of land which could be artificially irrigated from the Murray and its tributaries, there is room in Southeastern Australia alone for hundreds of settlements like Mildura. Moreover, since one third of the continent consists of artesian basins, many agricultural oases may hereafter be created by raising water from the

subterranean reservoirs that underlie the dry, black-soil plains of the interior.

It may here be added that, excluding the States of Tasmania and Queensland, the Northern Territory, and all but the Southwestern portion of West Australia, the Commonwealth contains, according to the latest estimates, 60,000,000 acres of land, with an average rainfall exceeding ten inches, fit for wheat-growing without irrigation. Room could be found in that vast region alone for the required million farmers. Outside the irrigation areas and wheat belt, magnificent land for mixed farming is to be found, among many other places, on the Northern tableland of New South Wales, near the Burnett and the Dawson rivers, on the Darling and Peak Downs, and on the magnificent Atherton plateau in Queensland.

Some interesting comparative facts and figures have lately been given by Sir Joseph Carruthers in the series of five able addresses delivered on the launching of his campaign. At the outset he pointed out that during the five years ending 1912 (returns covering the war period, owing to disturbed conditions and the constant movement of troops, would have been misleading) Canada received immigrants from Europe at the rate of 156,521 per annum, while the corresponding number in the case of the United States was 573,793. Australia's share of Europe's annual overflow of population during the same quinquennial period was only 46,840 a year.

In regard to space, the area of Australia, 1,903,664,000 acres, slightly exceeds that of the United States, but at the end of 1917 only 162,500,000 acres in the Commonwealth were privately owned, while some 1,000,000,000 acres besides were held on pastoral lease. The number of primary producers in Australia is now a little below

400,000, of whom a quarter of a million own their holdings; and the area actually under cultivation is slightly less than 15,000,000 acres. While in the United States 154 acres of each 1000 are cultivated, the tilled land in Australia amounts to but 8 acres per thousand.

Of 41 countries with accurate records from census returns, Australia stands thirty-seventh for percentage of agriculturists, and actually lowest for proportion of area cultivated. Primary producers in Australia represent only 23.6 per cent of the population, while in the United States the proportion of the same indispensable class to the total number of inhabitants is 32.5 per cent. These facts in the case of a country so rich as Australia are strange and alarming, and suggest a brief inquiry into the causes of the slow progress of rural settlement there.

At the outset it may be stated that the problem of the effective settlement of the empty, or partly empty, territories belonging to the Commonwealth has several aspects. One is that of attracting people from abroad. Another is that of judiciously distributing the existing population. A third involves the task of putting the right people in the right localities. It were as sensible to try to colonize Greenland with Hindus as to introduce Englishmen or Scotchmen to the humid littoral of tropical Australia and expect them to succeed there. And of course, before inviting immigrants, common sense suggests the expediency of making satisfactory arrangements for their accommodation and settlement. In some cases, also, it would be necessary to provide skilled instructors to teach the new settlers the best methods of farming under conditions to which they were quite unaccustomed.

It is a shocking thing that, at the present time, out of 5,426,008 persons

living in a continent nearly 3,000,000 square miles in extent, no fewer than 2,386,117 are squeezed together in six capital cities. Seeing that Australia cannot be called a manufacturing country, and is still obliged to import large quantities of manufactured goods for her own requirements, the inference seems unavoidable that large numbers of the urban dwellers there are either idlers or are engaged in unprofitable occupations.

A modern Nebuchadnezzar who could enforce the deportation of two or three hundred thousand superfluous citizens from Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide to the waters of the Murray, and convert a multitude of clerks and shopgirls into ploughmen and milkmaids, would be a real benefactor to Australia. It is a reproach to the Governments of the latter country that the city of Adelaide alone should contain nearly 55 per cent of the population of South Australia, Melbourne about 50 per cent of that of Victoria, and Sydney 42 per cent of the inhabitants of New South Wales.

For this deplorable state of things Australian legislators are largely to blame. In many ways the primary producer is treated rather as though he were a public enemy than as the real supporter of the whole community. The landowner is subjected to unfair and discriminative taxation. If the value of his property exceeds £5000 he has to pay not only State but also Federal land tax, and double income tax and local rates as well. In regard to income tax, primary producers are treated with peculiar injustice. Every practical agriculturist knows that, particularly in the case of a country like Australia, where the fluctuations of the seasons are most marked, the incomes of farmers and pastoralists are variable in the extreme. A good season means substantial profits; a bad, crush-

ing losses. Yet Australian primary producers are taxed heavily on their gains, and no allowance whatever is made for their losses. Cases have occurred where, in the course of seven years, owing to the seasonal alternations before referred to, a landowner has actually been compelled to pay to the State in taxes an amount exceeding his aggregate profits. Treatment of this kind inflicted on the most useful and hardworking class of citizens is as impolitic as it is shamefully unjust, and should be speedily remedied.

Politicians have shown a by no means admirable disposition to indulge the covetousness of the city populace by expropriating, either directly by State purchase or indirectly by the immoral method of discriminative and penal taxation, the owners of large estates. Instead of encouraging the landless classes to occupy and develop the immense area, amounting to 92 per cent of the whole surface of Australia, that has not yet been sold, legislators have busied themselves in bringing about, by fair or unfair means, the redistribution of the comparatively small amount of land already in private hands.

Sir John Foster Fraser more than ten years ago observed with surprise the proceedings of these land reformers. 'What strikes the investigator,' he remarked, 'is that so much of the present legislation is directed toward splitting up that 8 per cent, whilst comparatively little is being done to place settlers on the 92 per cent.' Australia, unhappily, has long suffered from a plague of city Gracchi. Agrarian legislation of the kind that has lately disgraced the Statute Books of Queensland and New South Wales has done much to weaken that sense of security of property which is essential to effective land settlement; and the repeal of the measures indicated, and

others, less dishonest, certainly, but almost equally unwise, is a necessary preliminary to the agricultural development of Australia.

Of the many legislative deterrents which have checked Australian immigration, the extraordinary industrial laws now prevailing must be ranked among the most mischievous. These have had the baneful effects of poisoning the relations between employers and employees, stimulating the cupidity and destroying the sense of duty of the workers, weakening the feeling of security which is essential to the establishment and growth of industries, and limiting the opportunities of employment available to the wage-earning class. Infinite harm has been done to the mining and the pastoral industries by the interference of the Federal Arbitration Court.

How one important branch of agriculture has suffered from the activities of the same tribunal was aptly illustrated by Sir Henry Jones, the head of the largest fruit-preserving concern in the Commonwealth, in the course of an address given to a representative gathering of Tasmanian fruit-growers last November. He quoted figures showing that, owing to the enormous increase in the cost of timber for fruit-cases, and in shipping-charges brought about by recent awards of the Arbitration Court, owners of orchards in full bearing have had their expenses increased to the extent of from £12 to £14 per acre. Within a short time, too, the Court will consider fresh demands of a most preposterous kind, brought forward by certain union officials, nominally on behalf of the timber-workers and the employees in the fruit industry.

The very existence of the Federal Arbitration Court is a standing menace to the unprotected primary producer in Australia, enabling as it does gangs of

industrial terrorists to blackmail him continually under threat of expensive legal proceedings. For the full exploitation of the limitless latent resources of Australia and the free inflow of population, the emancipation of Australian industry from the tyranny which now oppresses it is absolutely necessary.

Finally, the singular prejudice that has hitherto existed in the Commonwealth against the construction of developmental railways on the land-grant system accounts in a considerable degree for the slow progress of settlement in the remoter districts. Only one existing line, that owned by the Midland Railway Company in West Australia, was built in this way; and judging by a statement made not very long ago at a meeting of the shareholders in London by the Chairman of Directors, that Company has had good reason to complain of the treatment received from the State Government.

It may be said with confidence that no other country in the world would derive more benefit than Australia, with her immense, level, vacant spaces and meagre population, from the construction of great trunk lines by private syndicates, or companies, who would receive payment for their services entirely in land. It is hard to find a single rational objection to the adoption of this method of developing the unsettled interior, provided, of course, each contract with the group of capitalists prepared to build a line stipulated for efficiency of construction and service, reasonable expedition in performing the work, and the limitation of fares and freights to moderate amounts. If thought desirable, a provision reserving to the Government the right of purchase at a valuation after a certain period might be added.

Granting such precautions, the State would gain in every way by inviting

capitalists to undertake the costly work of opening up its waste places. The non-alienated lands adjacent to each new line would be greatly enhanced in value, employment would be given to thousands of men, and the expenditure of large sums in wages and material would benefit the whole community.

As to the stupid cry of monopoly always raised in Australia when a proposal is made involving the transfer of large areas of unutilized land from public to private hands, it is enough to remark that, to make their enterprise profitable, it is essential that the owners of a land-grant railway dispose of and settle their territorial possessions as quickly as possible. Profits can only be derived from traffic, and traffic requires population. A few land-grant railway companies like the great Canadian-Pacific Corporation operating in Australia would assist very appreciably in attracting the million farmers immediately required, and prepare the way for many more to follow.

The educative work now being done by the promoters of both the immigration movements referred to some pages back deserves all praise. Too much stress cannot possibly be laid on the fundamental, and at the same time obvious, fact that Australia's future safety, as well as prosperity, depends on an early and substantial addition to her present population. She has no time to lose: too many precious years have already been wasted. Her people have resembled unmannerly children in a spacious and luxuriant garden quarreling over the possession of a few stray windfalls and neglecting to gather the rich fruit hanging in profusion within their reach. Her politicians have busied themselves more in plundering the industrious few for the sake of the covetous many, than in devising measures for the encouragement of legitimate enterprise.

The time is certainly ripe for an immigration renaissance. But it may perhaps be permissible to suggest that in one or two respects the scheme now before the public is capable of enlargement. As already urged, the construction of land-grant railways would greatly stimulate the inflow of population and the development of the Australian hinterland. America, in this direction, could afford useful help to the Commonwealth, both in capital and special knowledge. The introduction on a large scale of selected English children from the admirable institution founded by the late Dr. Barnardo, and through other approved agencies, and their training in agriculture on model farms in Australia, might be strongly recommended in the interests alike of expediency and humanity. Such assisted juvenile migration would be of equal benefit to Great Britain and the Commonwealth, relieving the former of a heavy burden and enriching the latter with potential wealth-producers.

Thus supplemented, the scheme for the increase of settlement just brought under public notice by a number of far-seeing and patriotic public men in Australia might be expected to meet the immediate requirements of the temperate portions of the continent. But unfortunately its successful execution would still leave unsolved the far more urgent problem of ensuring the safety of tropical Australia by bringing about its early and effective occupation.

At present the White population of the whole division of the continent lying north of the Tropic of Capricorn is not equal to that of a single suburb of London. All but an insignificant fraction of that population is to be found thinly scattered along the coast of Queensland between Rockhampton and Cairns. In a sense, a considerable proportion of the settlers in this region consists of

State pensioners, dependent for support on a single lavishly subsidized industry. There is only one White inhabitant to each 200 square miles of country in the Northern Territory and the Kimberley district of West Australia. These vast unoccupied spaces, aggregating over three quarters of a million square miles, lie nearest to the most populous countries in Asia, and therefore are the most exposed to Oriental invasion. The safety of the Commonwealth imperatively demands that, within a brief period, they shall be effectively garrisoned with an agricultural population permanently established along the coast.

The 'White Australia' doctrine, construed in a reasonable sense as an assertion of White sovereignty over the Australian continent, is both justifiable and commendable. But, as usually interpreted, implying the absolute exclusion of colored aliens from Australia, it is mere fanaticism. Just as extreme views are always false views, so extreme policies are always false policies. In its physical aspects, 'White Australia,' as popularly accepted, is a defiance of Nature. In its political aspects it is a defiance of hundreds of millions of colored men lacking neither in intelligence nor self-respect. For Australia to shake a fist but indifferently mailed in the face of Asia, especially in days like these when Europe has been reduced to temporary impotence, seems scarcely prudent. Ideals may be magnificent, but they are doubtful guides in matters of national policy. The not unimportant question as to whether, in itself, the ideal of an Australia solely occupied by Whites is morally unassailable need not now be discussed. What matters is that it is impossible of attainment.

Paradoxical though the statement may seem, the best way to keep colored men out of Australia would be to

let them in. By the introduction of Asiatics of inoffensive habits in limited numbers to limited areas, a barrier could be raised against the more warlike and aggressive colored races. The establishment of a chain of Indian agricultural colonies along the northern coasts of Australia would enormously increase the wealth of the country, and afford well-paid employment to thousands of White men who would be able to live in the state of artificial comfort necessary to the enjoyment of health in a tropical climate. By the association in productive activity of White heads and colored arms, extensive areas of rich land would be brought under cultivation, and new and entirely self-supporting industries established. From these industries, among other advantages, the Government would derive sufficient revenues to build strategic and other railways, and maintain the sea and air forces necessary to the protection of the northern coasts of Australia.

Apart from the direct benefits the Commonwealth would thus derive, the effect on opinion in India would be most salutary. The colored subjects of the King would welcome the removal of disabilities, injurious to their interests, and offensive to their racial pride. Their conceptions of the privileges attached to citizenship of the British Empire would be enlarged, and their attachment to the Crown strengthened. By the partial lifting of the racial embargo in favor of Indian immigrants, for whose use special areas in tropical Australia unsuited for settlement by White men would be set apart, the Federal Parliament would remove the reproach of selfishly keeping empty and unproductive lands capable of supporting millions of human beings, strengthen the cohesion of the Empire, and perpetuate White supremacy over the Australian continent.

REFLECTIONS OF A PHILOSOPHER ABROAD

BY COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING

[The paragraphs that follow are taken from Keyserling's Diary of a Philosopher Abroad, perhaps the most widely read book, in the field with which it deals, published in Europe since the war.]

INDIA

JUDGED by modern European standards, the life of the Indian mystic seems not worth living: he does nothing; he does not even teach. He only lives for himself, and makes his fellow men support him, existing on voluntary offerings. Now the Hindus attach more value to such a life than to that of the busiest philanthropist. They are grateful to the saint for existing; they consider it a blessing to have him dwell among them, and an honor to be permitted to contribute to his support. We discover here precisely that spiritual idealism of which I have previously had occasion to speak in connection with Ceylon. The nobler a man, the more imperative it is for him to serve an ideal, and to do so with the utmost disinterestedness.

But how are we to explain the fact that it is the passive saint who incarnates the ideal of the Hindus? We discover here one of the determining elements in his conception of the universe. We may be sure that the explanation is not the one given by the Theosophists, who are unable to free themselves from their Occidental prepossessions, and accommodate facts to their own theories. They tell us that the *Yogi* really works harder than the ordinary laborer, but in another sphere; that he constantly sends forth astral and mental vibrations more useful to his fellow men than the products of the most strenuous physical toil.

Possibly this is true; but that is not the way the Hindus understand it. They

believe that actions, even good actions are not the main thing. Real value consists exclusively in being. Why seek to make men happier, wiser, and better, when each of them is immutably set at that point in the scale of his development that he has earned by his deeds in his preceding incarnations — when everyone enjoys precisely the amount of happiness and suffers precisely the amount of pain that he has earned in his past lives?

Furthermore, we cannot directly help others; good deeds, even the most energetic and wisely directed, do not lessen sin and misery in this world. Since happiness and unhappiness depend on something within ourselves, no change in our exterior circumstances can radically affect us. Of course, we should practise charity, do good to others, be benevolent and self-sacrificing; but why? So that we may make progress within ourselves, not for the benefit that others may receive from our acts. A man should do good for love of himself. That is part of the *Sadhana* which leads to perfection.

But a man who is perfect or nearly perfect does not need to practise this exercise. He no longer has to act, to produce; he has attained the objective of all labor. He transcends himself, he has escaped from the chains of the ego, and anything positive that he might perform would no longer have any importance for himself.

But would his deeds not be of service to others? Not in the sense that the West, imbued with its superstitious be-

lief in the need of aiding others, imagines. Altruism is not in itself worth a particle more than egoism. It can even be more disastrous, if it chances to win moral merit for the benefactor at the cost of injury to others. It is hardly possible to aid another person without strengthening that person's egoism; he perceives that his complaints and appeals are taken seriously, and he becomes more convinced than ever that the world has treated him unjustly. This state of mind inclines him to think more than ever of his personal happiness, and becomes an obstacle to self-emancipation.

Self-emancipation—*Mukti*—alone is important. The only way that we can be truly useful to others is by setting them an example. Now the Yogi who has severed all his earthly ties is above labor and action, egoism and altruism, sympathy and antipathy, and affords the loftiest example that we have to follow. That is why his mere existence among men is worth more to them than the labor of the most industrious worker. . . .

The very profundity of Hindu knowledge has led the nation to ruin. It has made the people soft and feeble. That is most significant. Here again the Hindu becomes a lesson for all humanity. He demonstrates the dangers that threaten a society where all men of intellect are absorbed in philosophical contemplation. That pursuit befits but a small number, who are peculiarly qualified for it; the others it leads to ruin. More, too: the Hindu belief that the *Rishi*, the *Sanyassi*, the Yogi, the mystic saint, whatever name you give him, is above all other men, means something different from what appears at first glance. It does not mean that such men are necessarily the highest type, nor that every individual can attain his highest development by following in their footsteps. It simply means to the Hindu mind that only philoso-

phers and saints attain perfection, and all others perish.

JAPAN

My impressions are becoming more and more clarified. Of one thing I am quite sure: the Japanese, or rather those classes in Japan that count politically, are not Orientals in the sense that we use that word when we apply it to the Chinese and to the Hindus. They are closer to ourselves than to the Chinese, and are thus entitled and predestined to be our rivals. Their apparent kinship with China is due mainly to the civilization they have imported from that country. They are naturally a progressive people, as their recent history proves. In olden times they copied Korea and China, as they are copying Europe and America to-day. Therefore Westernization does not mean in Japan what it means in India or in China.

As our vessel entered the Inland Sea, I was conscious, not without surprise, of penetrating a world entirely new to me, a world separated from that of China by a profound abyss. I found myself enwrapped in an atmosphere like that of the Grecian Archipelago, an atmosphere of mercantile enterprise. I could not catch the slightest trace of the cosmic calm, the majestic peace, that pervades Chinese civilization. Neither did I discover the Japan that Lafcadio Hearn describes. Undoubtedly it exists. Nevertheless, I can now say with confidence that my first impression was right; the essential traits of the Japanese are enterprise, utilitarianism, and practical aptitude.

Your typical Japanese is not an inventor, but neither is he an imitator, as is commonly reported; he is fundamentally a utilizer in the jujutsu sense, and indeed jujutsu symbolizes better than anything else Japanese character. What are the qualities demanded of a master in this art? No creative initiative, but

rather remarkably keen powers of observation, instantaneous comprehension of the empirical meaning of every impression and sensation, and ability to profit immediately by that comprehension by putting it to the most advantageous possible practical use. Jujutsu demands in the highest degree that automatic collaboration of head and hand, where every thought and impulse instantaneously evokes its appropriate reflex.

It is upon such qualities as these that the Japanese civilization rests; they constitute what we call 'Japanese imitativeness.' The Japanese are not imitators in the proper sense of the word; they do not copy, but they adapt, they accommodate things to their own requirements. They have an incomparable gift for seizing the external aspect of a thing so as to unravel rapidly its physical construction, though not necessarily the principle that lies behind that construction. It is thus that in olden times the Japanese appropriated Chinese civilization. Possibly they never comprehended that civilization; but neither did they simply imitate its external forms. The Japanese mastered the visible aspects of that civilization, and adopted these as their subsequent conduct of life. They have modified many things that they borrowed from China, to suit them to their own needs. But they have never breathed the Chinese spirit; they have merely reclothed the Chinese body.

That is why the Japanese remain at heart what they always have been. They possess the faculty, above all other nations, of fearlessly appropriating what is strange, knowing that it cannot corrupt the depths of their own soul.

Chinese culture is a culture of expression; Japanese culture is a culture of attitude. One can hardly conceive a more violent contrast. The former thrusts its roots deep, the latter spreads far over the surface. Without doubt

the Japanese is superficial; where attitude is the first care, a solid foundation is apt to be wanting. But this is just what makes Japan important. She shows how much we can attain without being profound. We can accomplish incredible things.

The Japanese have given the world values that never would have existed without them. They have created a purely external culture of unsurpassed charm. Therefore it is unfair to dwell on their shortcomings. Profundity is rare anywhere. Even among the Hindus we discover the Japanese type, so far as this is characterized by negative qualities. But when non-Japanese are superficial they lack the excellencies of the Japanese.

No being can transcend his own nature. There are men who have the faculty of giving a spiritual expression to ultimate reality; there are others who cannot penetrate beneath appearances, but possess a remarkable gift for portraying those appearances. In the eyes of God all are of equal worth, each perfect in his way. We must learn to judge each creature by his own nature, and not to demand of him that for which he was not designed.

The Japanese need have no fear of becoming Westernized; although that would be fatal for the Hindu or the Chinese. To adopt Western civilization does not mean a real transformation for the Japanese, but merely a new attitude accommodated to a change of environment.

However, this does not exhaust the problem for them. With all their faculty for adaptation the Japanese have a soul. Although this may be less in peril than the soul of most nations that expose themselves to foreign influence, it is not invulnerable; and once attacked it suffers more than any other. There are two spiritual qualities, the loss of which the Japanese could not survive:

the first is their sensibility to nature, the second is patriotism.

Japanese sensibility to natural beauty corresponds to Hindu sensibility to the universe, and to Chinese sensibility to harmony. It constitutes in miniature the same sympathy, with the same deep bases in the national soul. Were that sensibility to disappear, the Japanese would lose with it his connection with his deepest soul. All that he has accepted from abroad, in preference to his native traits and traditions, has remained merely a surface acquisition; it has not penetrated to the depths of his being.

Were a Hindu to try to become a Greek he would inevitably sink to mediocrity. This would not be because his instinct to consider man as part of nature is incomparably more profound than the Greek instinct to regard nature as a plastic external reality outside of man, but rather because he would be incapable of comprehending the deepest import of the Greek conception. In the case of the Japanese this typical danger is far greater, because their horizon is much narrower, because the number of phenomena that can establish a true connection with their soul is far more limited. Therefore naturalism would not only lower Japanese art, as it has lowered our art, but it would literally destroy that art; in the same way that rudeness and discourtesy would not only be unbecoming in a Japanese, as it is in any other person, but beyond that it would destroy his distinctive qualities as a man. Therefore, unless the Japanese cultivate their sensibility to nature with increasing attention the more they imitate the West in other things, the day may come when they will find their body bereft of its soul.

The second sentiment that the Japanese must not lose, at any cost, is love of country, in the form of vivid consciousness of blood community, con-

sciousness of a personal relation with the reigning family that has vanished in Europe. The Japanese are not yet individuals in our sense of the word, but are members of a tribe. That is why Westernization will not benefit them unless their new institutions are built on the ancient tribal foundation. While our progress is attained through individualization, progress in Japan has been hitherto, among other things, an expression of tribal forces; and it may be arrested or may lead the nation to ruin, if the Japanese suddenly acquire self-consciousness as individuals in the Western sense.

That change has already begun, and it has begun too early. The younger generation is giving the nation's rulers much concern; for it shows a most disturbing inclination to repudiate the old bases of society. I ponder much on the future of Japan. The more likely it seems that the ancient bases of society are crumbling, the more imperative it becomes for the Japanese to create new ties between the body and the soul of the nation, in order that a new edifice may at least be under construction before the old edifice crumbles into dust.

Yes, Japan may become Westernized. After discussing this country from this strictly objective standpoint, I feel an impulse to express my personal feelings. Let me say, then, that I personally regret deeply that this country is becoming Westernized. Modern Japan is utterly stripped of its charm. In particular, the atmosphere of Tokyo is one of stifling vulgarity.

Normal development unhappily is not invariably upward. In the same way that some individuals are best in infancy, others are at their best in the prime of life, and others in old age, so there is in the history of every nation a stage of development that suits it better than any other. When it has passed that stage, even though it continues on

the best possible course open before it, it loses its charm, its importance, and its worth. In this sense the French have been going backward since the eighteenth century, although we cannot yet call them decadent. Likewise England, who attained her prime in the nineteenth century, will henceforth lose relative importance in the history of civilization.

It is with nations as with individuals. Each stage of national development has its own peculiar faculties of self-expression, in the same way that any great genius has his peculiar and limited gifts of expression in poetry, music, plastic art, or politics and war — gifts that often, by the nature of things, are most perfectly employed only during one period in his life. The moment when a nation's natural gifts and the environment and circumstances that surround it are in most perfect harmony, marks the culminating point in that nation's history. That is when its natural genius finds most perfect expression. Later the nation resembles more or less a Raphael without hands.

The Japanese have accomplished wonderful things in the course upon which they have embarked. So far as execution is concerned, I do not see why they may not eventually equal us. But mere handiness in doing things means nothing. The Japanese employ for this object only their intelligence, or speaking more generally, the tools of their soul. Their deepest being is not concerned in this, and I cannot conceive that time will improve matters in this respect.

In all likelihood the Japanese soul will never learn to express itself fully and distinctly in the language of Occidental action. Under the most favorable conditions Japan will employ that language only as a stutterer, and it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that she will eventually become dumb.

It is the man of the greatest refinement, the rarest genius, and the highest artistic gifts, who may prove under adverse circumstances the most sterile.

If we judge the Japanese from the standpoint of their profoundest nature, they are wrong in devoting themselves to overserious occupations. They realize themselves best when they play. They have produced nothing truly original, except in the fields of pageantry and sports, and in the sunnier arts. It is in these that the true soul of Japan reveals itself. When the nation sets itself about more important tasks, in the sense that the ordinary world understands that word, it lapses into the sterile and abstract.

AMERICA

My mind continues to dwell upon what I saw — both positive and negative — during my sojourn in the United States; upon the numerous comparisons I made between the Oriental and the Occidental, upon the leading ideas that gradually outlined themselves in my thoughts during my journey. It is surely time for Western mankind to recognize that it cannot attain by the route of modern progress the only essential thing; all that it can gain by this route is the means of expressing itself more perfectly. It is unquestionably a good thing to possess these means of expression; nothing could be greater folly than to reject and repudiate them. But after we have acquired them, the real problem of life, far from being solved, continues to present itself to us in the same form as before.

The only absolute ideal that an individual can set before him is described as perfection, self-completion. Now modern man, no matter how far he may have advanced along the path of Western progress, is still infinitely remote from perfection or self-completion. He is further from it than the Chinaman,

the man of antiquity, the man of the Middle Ages, even than the Australian Black man, or an animal or plant.

So long as he does not comprehend this, and imagines that he is really getting ahead, thanks to his 'progress,' no external accomplishment will profit his soul; his moral nature will continue to become more and more superficial, and more absorbed in the accumulation of external advantages. But if he awakens to the comprehension of his true state, and retraces his steps toward the only true goal of human existence, this very progress, that at first threatened him with ruin, becomes a benediction. No immutable law of nature makes material power, evil as it may be in itself, harmful to the soul; nor is the human mind with its highly developed analytical faculties necessarily a destroyer. The first may become an instrument of divine grace, the second a source of spiritual renovation. . . .

Perfection is what we ought to seek, and perfection alone. We Westerners are highly specialized beings, possessing aptitudes peculiar to ourselves that should be given full play to perform their predestined mission. We shall never escape from our physiological frontiers; we shall never gain anything by infidelity to ourselves. Any attempt to transcend our historical limitations can only harm us. We should not wish to destroy what we have created, nor risk radical changes to suit a theory. We must keep growing as nature designed us to grow, in order that we may attain the goal that we see from afar, the goal that will crown our individual labor.

But we should understand that this empirical life-goal is not an absolute goal, and that our own way of living and thinking has no absolute merit. We must learn to live consciously in the Universal Being and through that Being. Only in that case — but inevitably in

that case — will our pretended progress become an expression of the only imperative purpose of existence, and simultaneously a step forward on the route to that toward which humanity is striving. Then it will become evident that, in spite of all the suffering and evil that we have brought into the world hitherto by our absurd effort to make the whole universe copy our particular way of life, we are after all predestined to a high mission. Then, thanks to us, the unity of universal life, its indestructible continuity, will express itself more clearly than ever before in the domain of visible things.

CONCLUSION

As I write these final lines, the World War rages without my door. New nations are flocking into the combat, the struggle grows fiercer day by day; and, as if it were not enough to destroy each other physically, scholars and intellectual leaders revile and curse each other as passionately and with as anger-becclouded minds as did the battling heroes of Homer's age. Harmony, calm understanding, have vanished; it seems as though the unity of mankind were destroyed forever.

But for me that unity still continues. I regard this catastrophe as only a single crisis, identical in nature, though vaster in extent, with countless previous crises in the evolution of the race — crises that instead of stopping that evolution only accelerated it. All progress is attained at the cost of periods of reaction, during which inhibited baser passions break their chains and dominate for a time. We have every reason to expect that a more cosmopolitan, a more universal world will appear upon the stage to-morrow, after this curtain-raiser of unparalleled national hate. Upon the heels of this effort to exterminate our enemies will follow an era of international solidarity,

just as the fearful civil wars in Rome introduced the long peace of the Augustan Age. Such crises as the present reveal men in their most repulsive aspect.

Early in my intellectual and moral evolution I would have turned aside from the spectacle with disgust. To-day I cannot. I know that humanity is part and portion of myself. I feel no partisan interest; to me all human crea-

tures are a single unit. I am conscious of none of that one-sided feeling that inspires these battling hosts. But I cannot separate myself from the great human community as a whole; I cannot say, as I might have said at an earlier time, '*Nescio vos*' — 'I know you not.' For I realize that I am one with my whole age and generation, and as a part of these am jointly responsible for their destiny.

GUGLIELMO FERRERO'S CHANGE OF HEART

BY ALBÉRIC CAHUET

From *L'Illustration*, April 1
(ILLUSTRATED LITERARY WEEKLY)

GUGLIELMO FERRERO is not only one of the most representative figures in Italian thought, — a fact which would itself suffice to give him a respectable position in the intellectual world, — but he is also, without regard to frontiers, one of the most powerful intelligences of our time; perhaps the most comprehensive and the most comprehensible. Historian, traveler, orator, philosopher, in one of his books almost a novelist, because the expression of his thought here adapts itself to the dialogue form, he is an extraordinary incarnation of the fascinating charm of the Latin genius which owes its modern definition to him, and the dominions of which he has extended even to the United States.

Ferrero's sojourn in the New World a few years ago was a genuine intellectual event, not merely for America, but for Ferrero himself, whose ideas, after he had gained the acquaintance of this

new civilization, moved rapidly onward to the stage in their evolution where they are to-day. We may add that between this stage and the stage at which they began there is as much of a gap as that which separates his first book, *Young Europe*, — re-publication of which is forbidden by the author, — from the recent works of the great historian of Latin origin: *Between the Two Worlds*, *The European War*, and *The Latin Genius*.

Guglielmo Ferrero was twenty-six years old when in 1897 he published at the house of Trèves, in Milan, the first remarkable book of his great career, *Young Europe*, dedicating it to Cesare Lombroso, the celebrated criminologist, whose daughter he was afterward to marry. The subtitle, *Studies and Travels in the North Country*, indicated the substance of his book, describing in advance his conclusions, in which are mingled the impressions gathered in

England, Germany, Russia, and the Scandinavian countries.

One of the men who in recent years has best understood and explained the mind of Ferrero, M. Jules Destrée, the eminent Belgian writer and politician, has described in very expressive fashion how Guglielmo Ferrero, subjected to the influence of a generation of writers for whom the 'Latin decadence' was a fact in contemporary history, at that time admitted the superiority of the civilizations and peoples capable of realizing the greatest economic power, and characterized by the most intensive industrialism. A little later, in a book on militarism, which for a time won him the favor of the Socialists, Ferrero manifested the illusion that the firm industrial organizations which he had admired in Germany served only pacific ends, but that was the blunder of a moment only. Even before the war the study of facts and more minute inquiries, contradicting his previous observations, led Ferrero to disown his earlier ideas and set up a systematic criticism of the German idea and its pretensions. On the other hand, the deep and enthusiastic study of the ancient Latin institutions and aspirations had done a good deal to modify the ideas of the historian as to what constituted the 'better' civilization.

How he had come to express ideas so different from those that had once been the intoxication of his youth, Ferrero explained at Turin, on January 9, 1917, in thanking some friends who had presented him with a copy of the Winged Victory of Samothrace, in order to celebrate the *Prix Bonaparte* which had been awarded to him by the *Société des Gens de Lettres* of France.

'During the ten years that preceded the war,' he said, 'after the facile optimism of my youth and my first books there was bred and developed in me the presentiment of a great

peril overwhelming the world, the most precious treasures of civilization, the heritage of our fathers, and the columns on which the present order of things is based. This presentiment, which events have only too thoroughly confirmed, was not the product of my study of modern times, but of ancient times. I had no insight or comprehension of our own age so long as I confined my study to the present; that is where the feebleness of my first books comes from. But little by little, as I compared the ancient and modern worlds, I came to see that the ancient world had placed the reason and purpose of life in a few intellectual and moral achievements, whereas the modern world tended only toward an uncertain heaping up of power, confused and limitless, itself unconscious of its supreme end; that the ancient world possessed what the modern world was losing from day to day, the sense of the limits within which man can realize these perfections; for if man oversteps these limits, beauty grows dark before his eyes, virtue withers in his soul, and his power grows higher only that it may crash down from a loftier summit.'

The Greatness and Decline of Rome revealed the writer to the world and to himself. In November 1906, upon invitation of the Collège de France, Ferrero gave a course of lectures at Paris on the life of Augustus. He had treated the same subject at lectures in the Argentine and in Brazil, in 1907, and in the United States, in 1908. He had an opportunity in the course of these travels to meet the élite of all the lands through which he traveled, to set the Old World side by side with the New World. He developed a definite teaching amid the wealth of ideas which, when he returned to Europe, enriched his book, *Between the Two Worlds*, a kind of novel in which the story is nothing but a framework for philosoph-

ic dialogue. In this book, which appeared in France on the eve of the war, — a time which unfortunately was scarcely suited for the success of intellectual works, — the author pointed out in his very first pages the purpose of his investigations.

‘Why, when Europeans eager for gold turn their backs on the Old World, cursing it, do the Americans, plentifully possessed of gold, on the contrary turn toward that same Old World in order to seek there something that is lacking amid their own prodigious wealth? What does this perpetual hurrying back and forth across the Atlantic mean? This disquietude with which the two continents seek one another, when the people of one world can by no means go over entirely to the other, and when neither world can entirely assimilate the other? So,’ he added, ‘after clearly stating the character of this opposition, the idea came to me to represent the conflict of these two worlds — not merely the conflict between Europe and America, but that conflict which brings old, circumscribed civilizations, still living amid numerous traditions, to grips with the aspirations, ambitions, and passions of any new civilization which is eager to break down all bounds.’

At bottom this whole book consists in setting the civilization of quantity face to face with the civilization of quality. ‘Quality is a limit and the only necessary limit of quantity. A civilization that destroyed every ideal of perfection and overthrew all the grandeur of quality would be doomed never again to find within itself any limitation upon quantity, that is to say, any measure of desire; and in consequence it would destroy the springs of happiness. It would be condemned, therefore, to exceed the goal attained, to wish for the impossible, and to sink into the shadow of a crisis by excess.’

Ideas in the course of the dialogue assume the solidity of mathematical symbols and the color of images. ‘Do you know,’ says one of the personages in it, ‘what I cannot help thinking of when I walk down the avenue of the Champs-Élysées toward the Arc de Triomphe? Of Germany’s iron production. A million and a half tons in 1870; two million in 1875; three in 1880; pretty nearly five in 1890; eight and a half in 1900; eleven in 1905; pretty nearly fifteen in 1910. Who will make use of it? Iron, no doubt, is a precious metal; they make railroads and machines out of it, artillery, rifles, and armored battleships. But to cumber all the world with iron until it drives out beauty and all those qualities that show the nobility and grandeur of the human spirit — is not that dragging the world down to barbarism?’

It is easy to see how from this moment the writer is leaving behind the attitude expressed in his book of 1897. It is no longer Germany that he admires; and even before the war he applies the word ‘barbarism’ to his subject. He is turning now toward the nations that continue in the highest degree to evince respect for the traditions of the old quality civilization, and his preferences in this sense are for France, which conserves all the idealism that can be conserved in the overwhelming flood of industrial civilization.

When the war broke out in August 1914, Guglielmo Ferrero was one of the first Italians to declare frankly for intervention on the side of the Allies. He was not content merely to utter the conviction; he made a campaign for the sake of the idea. He talked at many meetings where his tall, gaunt silhouette raised itself, the little head, with its myopic glance through spectacles, poised on a long neck. He wrote his determined articles in *Secolo*. In November 1914, he stood by the side of

M. Jules Destrée, a touching pilgrim from the great disaster of Belgium, at the great meeting in behalf of that devastated land. Still with M. Destrée he made a tour of propaganda in Sicily, where his carriage was greeted on the streets with cries of, '*Viva il nostro grande storico!*' — 'Long live our great historian!' In February 1915, he published a leading article in the *New York American* under the title, 'Belgium, Key to the World.' In July 1916, in the old Palace at Florence, before an enthusiastic audience, and standing beneath the united flags of Italy and France, he spoke on the Battle of the Marne.

He sought Italian intervention in the struggle, with a determination which, though resolute, was infinitely sad. M. Destrée, who could understand this feeling even while he admired the historian's clear reason and keen vision, has told us how Ferrero estimated in their true proportion the enormous sacrifices that the defense of right would require, and how he foresaw the upheavals that they would produce in the social organization of our time. Accustomed to consider not merely his own land, but Europe and all humanity as a whole, he was grieved at the tragic spectacle presented by European civilization furiously bent upon its own destruction; and it was to prevent total destruction that he took his stand for intervention. So he placed himself 'above the frontiers' for action, and not for avoiding action as others did. The following thought of Saint Augustine, which he printed as an epigraph to his volume, *The European War*, explains how this pacifist, like many another, had without any contradiction become an exponent of the war: '*Esto ergo bellando pacificus, ut eos quos expugnas, ad pacis utilitatem vincendo perducas.*' — 'Be peaceful, therefore, even in waging war, in order that you may lead those whom you defeat to

recognize the value of peace in their overthrow.'

In *The Latin Genius*, which appeared in 1917, Ferrero affirmed in striking and decisive fashion his opposition to the literary theories of Latin decadence, with which he seemed to associate himself in his earlier works. In the conflict between the ideal of perfection and the ideal of force, the Latin genius (representing order, clarity, proportion, and harmony — an uncompromising rebel against perpetual turmoil and against modernism) has taken up its share, and it could not now change its attitude without turning against the very essence of its own nature.

Such a man as M. Jules Destrée, himself a representative of a land where industrial civilization manifested itself to a large degree without destroying the sense of harmony and the feeling for restraint, does not admit without reserve the opposition of ideals so brilliantly set forth by Guglielmo Ferrero. What he recognizes is that the thesis is ingenious, new, and wholesome. As a matter of fact, a single preoccupation commands and dominates it. The historian, the author, the thinker, whose lectures and writings always go beyond the immediate subject at hand or the pretensions of the moment to link themselves with general conceptions, has a horror of the disorder and anarchy toward which modern societies are going when they are led at too rapid a rate. He was concerned, even before the war, over the breaking up of all moral unity in modern society, a unity which the recent crisis has finished by breaking and which must at any cost be set up anew. He sees in the realization of this great and difficult task by the present generation the safety of the generations that are to follow. To this apostolic mission he urges the thinkers; to it he has himself devoted his powers, his knowledge, and his genius.

A VISIT TO NAPOLEON'S MOTHER

BY MARCELINE DESBORDES-VALMORE

[The account of Madame Lætitia here translated was originally printed in the Magasin de Récréations des Dames in 1843, and is based, not on the writer's own experiences, but on those of a titled Englishwoman who recounted them to her. They have just been reprinted in Figaro, with a note stating that these pages 'seem hitherto to have escaped the bibliographies.']

From *Le Figaro*, April 2
(LIBERAL NATIONALIST DAILY)

ONE day the charming Lady Wortley gave us the following account of Madame Lætitia:—

I was determined not to quit Rome until I had succeeded in seeing Napoleon's mother. Thoughtful people and phlegmatic souls may find fault with my desire or not, but I confess that I was possessed with ceaseless curiosity to meet this famous woman; for even if she had had nothing remarkable in herself, the extraordinary destinies of which she had been the source and with which her own fate had been mingled, the immense reverses which she had seen and which she herself endured with great courage and touching simplicity, above all that glory which had lifted her, dazzled her, exhausted and devoured her, would be sufficient attraction toward what still remained of this modern Niobe.

Did not Napoleon himself say: 'All that I have been and all that I am, I owe to my mother'?

The only response that was made at first to our earnest requests was that Madame Lætitia had been confined to her bed for several years and could not see anyone. In the end, however, my perseverance—and the perseverance of women makes you think of eternity—surmounted all obstacles. Perhaps I ought to add to this source of strength

the name of Lady Dudley, Madame Lætitia's granddaughter and Napoleon's niece, which was no doubt equally powerful, for I am related to her by marriage. However that may be, I secured an interview with Mademoiselle Rose Méline, who, with the utmost graciousness, consented to convey to Madame Lætitia our wish to be admitted to her presence. Mademoiselle Méline reappeared almost at once to tell me that Madame Lætitia would receive me alone, and that she regretted she was unable to receive my husband also, whom she thanked for his desire to see her. I followed my kind guide and presently entered, with a good deal of emotion, the room of the mother of *l'Empereur*.

It is impossible to imagine a person of her age—for you know she was eighty-three years old—with a loftier brow, speaking so clearly of life and intelligence. The brightness of her great eyes, black and sparkling, seemed to me especially remarkable. She was lying on a little white bed in one corner of the room, where she had been confined for three years, having had the misfortune, as they told me, to break her leg. She had not been willing to change her footman, who was as old as she, and unable to support her one day when she slipped in getting out of her carriage.

Her room is wholly hung with pictures, and the portraits of her large family cover the walls from top to bottom. All of her sons who attained to thrones were portrayed in their royal vestments. Napoleon, I think, was wearing his coronation robes. After some minutes of conversation, she told me that she had never received any Englishman or Englishwoman, during the three years that she had been confined to her room, except the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Dudley Stuart, the only ones of that nation whom she had ever loved, adding — with a sad expression and a tone of voice which was nevertheless full of consideration for me — that no one could be surprised at her distaste for my fellow countrymen.

I replied, after a moment of silence, that I should never have dared ask for the honor of seeing her, had I not had some slight claim to her pardon for doing so because of my relationship to Lady Dudley Stuart, and I seized this opportunity to beg her humbly to grant my husband the favor with which she honored me. She looked at me without replying, but her hand, which she stretched out toward the door, emboldened me, and I went to look for my husband in the neighboring room, where he was awaiting me with some uneasiness. He repeated to her with so much respect that only our relationship with her stepdaughter could have made us aspire to this distinction, that in the most touching and friendly manner she held out her hands and said to us: 'Well, I shall receive you as relatives.' Then, turning with vivacity toward the portrait of Napoleon, which hung above her bed, she asked us whether we did not like it, meantime looking at it herself with a sad kind of pride. 'It is very like him,' she went on. 'Yes, it is, indeed, very much like him.'

Then she permitted me, as if she were very anxious that I should do so, to go

into the adjoining room to see a bust of the Emperor — a very striking likeness.

'Observe also,' she said, 'the one of the King of Rome as a child. It is the same that was sent to Saint Helena, and it was placed at the foot of his father's bed during his last illness. It was not brought back here until after his death.'

You may imagine with how much eagerness I obeyed, and you may imagine how I stood, struck with admiration, before those two marbles — the one smiling and seraphic in childhood, the other too much like it not to be both admirable and touching at the same time. During the time when I was standing there, a time that I had to prolong in order to conceal my tears, I heard the poor mother herself begin to recall the sad memories of Saint Helena. Her words, and especially her voice, revealed the terrible power of that name which the captivity of her son recalled to her.

'He died by inches,' she cried, unable to keep back in her indignation the odious name of Hudson Lowe; and then, with all the force that was in her, she joined to this name the epithet of 'hangman.'

When I went back into her room, I found her wholly in the grip of her distressing emotions on this painful subject. I lent a respectful ear to the passionate complaints which her great sufferings drew from her, and I admit that I agreed mainly with the greater part of her bitter reproaches.

Suddenly she hid her face in her hands, exhausted by these emotional demands on her poor, solitary soul, and then by degrees her glances turned again to the sumptuous paintings with which her room was literally papered. Her own glance fixed ours upon the portrait which hung at the head of her bed — a bed that was entirely open, according to the Italian custom, with-

out either canopy or curtains. We learned from her that this was the portrait of Charles Bonaparte, her husband, and then she impressed upon us the resemblance of these silent representatives of the absent and the dead, giving us a few details which came from her heart.

In the number was one very small likeness, very beautiful and striking, of Josephine, and another also of the impassive Marie Louise, and many precious miniatures of other members of the family, among whom was a beautiful youth who had then been dead only a little while. Mademoiselle Méline whispered in my ear that this was one of Madame Lætitia's special favorites, the hope and pride of her house. But I do not recall now which of her sons the young man was.

As I saw this woman, motionless, and surrounded on every side by all these persons whom she had so loved, whose presence was never absent from her eyes, I found it easy to understand that she lived only in dreams of the past, in a world of her own choice, a beautiful creation of her memory — a deceptive world peopled with precious shadows which, though they were silent, spoke eloquently to her of the great days now gone forever; and I finally thought it well on my own account, without being warned by any sign from her, to withdraw from her presence.

Madame Lætitia urged me to stay a few moments longer, and bade me say to Lady Dudley that she was very eager to see her the next winter — 'If I am still here,' she said, talking to herself, as was her custom; and then she added, in a voice whose sadness I shall never forget: 'I beg you to say to my dear Christine that I am all alone here.'

Her piercing eye, which nothing could escape, very easily detected the surprise which I could not conceal; and

she explained that, because of strong representations coming from very high quarters, the Pope had insisted on taking from her those of her children who were still living with her, and that they had all left Rome. She repeated in French that she was living here all alone, deprived of the last consolation that remained in her long life — dead already. There was something so gravely naïve in her way of uttering them, that her brief words and her feeble voice touched me perhaps more than cries and sobs would have done.

The profound resentment of her losses and their cause gave a still higher majesty to her deeply rooted despair. I knew as I gazed upon her that I was seeing one of the creatures of this world who had learned the saddest lessons and had shown herself most worthy to receive them. But it would be impossible to give you a sense of the solemn melancholy of her accent and her bearing amid all these glowing mausoleums, when, glancing about among them with her great eyes, sombre and filled with desolation, she repeated: 'I am alone. I am all alone here.'

Everything seemed to unite to render this truth more evident and more overwhelming. Rome, the city of the Arno, the eternal metropolis of memories and of death, added by its silence to the lugubrious impressiveness of this word, more woeful than any woeful thing I have ever heard. In the course of our conversation, which was sprinkled all through with French, I observed that the use of this language was slipping away from Madame Lætitia, although she was endeavoring to retain it. Her farewells were as simple and affectionate as her reception of us.

'And that is all,' said Lady Wortley, sighing. 'The presentiment that I should never see her again was the penalty that I paid in that hour for the joy of having seen her.'

PERSONAL MEMORIES OF TENNYSON. I

BY MRS. WARRE CORNISH

From the *London Mercury*, December
(LITERARY MONTHLY)

To be asked for recollections of Tennyson to-day reminds me of the French phrase, *Un coup de pistolet dans une cave*. I tried to express this to the friend who asked for mine: 'Why wake the echoes in dim grotts of Victoria?'

'Tennyson is coming back,' said the quiet, confident voice of one who is a good observer of his time. 'Victoria or George, people are like a flock of sheep, you know: Browning is losing now.'

'Poor augury for Tennyson! They were close friends in latest years; they fulfilled each other.'

'Yes, Browning was a Tennysonian!' The critic who is also a poet had his whim of expression. 'Browning's dedication to Tennyson in the eighties ran: —

In poetry, illustrious and consummate,
In friendship, noble and sincere.

'The superlatives of the nineteenth century! Just what moderns won't read.'

'They are right. Superlatives make bad reading; but personal recollections can be sober and truthful.'

'Yet how to speak of Tennyson without superlatives! Kipling stayed with him at Aldworth, and, when asked by a friend of the conversation, replied, "Conversation! Why, when Tennyson speaks on Blackdown, salvos from the guns of Portsmouth should go off below!"'

'The sort of thing that brought reaction in our century.'

'But Tennyson's talk was always described as wonderful. Here is a story

which Mr. Brookfield told me fifty years ago. I have never seen it repeated. In his wandering days, before *In Memoriam* was published, and before his marriage, Tennyson's famous Cambridge circle watched for him and sometimes caught him in London. Brookfield — 'Old Brooks' of the sonnet — made regular excursions on foot out of London with him, sometimes Spedding or FitzGerald, sometimes Monckton-Milnes or Palgrave with them. One night they dined and slept at an old inn. "That rich Lincolnshire humor of Alfred's, never absent from his talk and none like it," Mr. Brookfield said, accompanied the meal. After dinner, with the wine, the sublimities began. The inn-room was of the old-fashioned sort, partitioned into paneled horse-boxes, and the friends sat on, screened off from intruders, far into the evening, when the inmates of the house had gone to bed. At length Tennyson and the other friend rose and went upstairs. Then Mr. Brookfield, left alone, beheld a man emerge from a neighboring stall. He was a clergyman of rustic stamp. "Sir," he said, "tell me in whose company I have been to-night!" Brookfield's impersonation of the amazed man conveyed better than words the necessary qualification of the adjective *rustic*, for there was refined intelligence in the look of awe with which the name was received — Alfred Tennyson. Is that a story for scoffing?'

'A story for tears.'

'Tears! I thought Shaw had dried up the sources.'

‘Well, maybe, but leave your “mod-erns,” as you call them, and come to your memories. Brookfield’s have the charm of the forties, the days of *In Memoriam*; something of its old English life, its English landscape has passed into the story — and it is to *In Memoriam*, you know, that people always go back with the name of Tennyson. Write what you remember of its author in later years.’

I have made the attempt here.

My memories only go back to the later meridian of the poet’s life, but from all my impressions gathered from those who knew him in the splendor of mature youth and in the sixties, age and fame made little difference in the personality of Tennyson. As he stood in the last decade, surrounded by the statesmen and thinkers of his time, he was always the same ‘Alfred’ who once dawned on his friends at Cambridge, with simplicity for a strong ingredient in his character.

First individual recollections go back to the Christmas holidays of 1869–70. My husband and I crossed the Solent at the invitation of Mrs. Cameron; she was the generous and deeply gifted friend of my parents in India. Her pretty gabled and ivied house in the Bay at Freshwater was the meeting-place of great traditions of art and also science, — the last through her friend, Sir John Herschel, — but we found her alone in a convalescence of Mr. Cameron’s: she saw little, she told us, of anyone but her neighbor, Mr. Horatio Tennyson, who was living in a house belonging to the poet and lent to his brother for the recent year. Horatio was a Tennyson of rare taste, she assured us, and we should judge for ourselves, for he was coming in after dinner to read us ‘Alfred’s’ new poem, *The Holy Grail*.

And, sure enough, while we still sat

round the oranges in the dining-room, a most attractive gentleman stood before us and greeted Mrs. Cameron in a pleasant barytone voice — he spoke with a marked North-Country accent. Horatio was the youngest of the eight tall sons of patriarchal Dr. Tennyson, of Somersby in Lincolnshire. He was now about forty-six and very straight-featured and straight-backed, with a well-proportioned frame. His features, with the dark hair and eyes and sallow skin, suggested a Southerner. If you had met him in a crowd you would have singled him out as a foreigner, probably of Spanish origin. This was an unexplained characteristic of his generation of Tennysons, as I learned afterward. His face was clean-shaven, except for a dark clipped moustache; the straight back and clipped moustache gave him a soldierly look. He took his place beside Mrs. Cameron, between the dining-room fire and the table, as we sat on under the lamp. And very soon he drew the new green volume from his pocket and began to read.

The Holy Grail had just appeared, long expected, for it was ten years since the *Idylls of the King* were published, and the very title was an object of curiosity. The narrative opened on our ears in blank verse, read in a clear voice, with a perfectly trained ear for the lines. The ‘gustful April morn’ in the quiet cloister, and the dialogue of Sir Percival and the monk in the convent garth, were felt in all their peaceful charm. Horatio Tennyson came into our ken at a moment of inspiration; like his eldest brother, Frederick Tennyson, who at one time was a Swedenborgian, he was a mystic, and the new poem was very congenial to him. He read without solemnity or emphasis and looked the very impersonation of the knight, Sir Percival, whose long narrative of the quest of ‘The Grail’ fills the poem. A somewhat battered knight

was Horatio, if not by wars, by other contests; it was said he had missed his vocation as a soldier, and 'subdued the earth and his spirit' in Tasmania; he had certainly not left his culture behind with his farming.

My husband delighted in the Tennysonian blank-verse line, and always spoke of Horatio's reading that evening as a thing of charm and scholarship.

Mrs. Cameron's sympathetic face sometimes turned from the reader's to my husband's; he followed the story closely, but let me confess that during the long-sustained narration my mind was more full of the images of the Island, approached that day in the early Solent sunset, and of the new rencontre.

When the beautiful reading ceased at last, a conversation immediately followed as if it came out of the poem and belonged to the reader's everyday experience; it was about very simple manifestations in spiritualism. A little pencil he held in his hand had an occult history. 'Spiritualism,' as it was called then, was more or less attended to by several of the Tennyson brothers. The poet touched it vaguely but persistently all his life. When Horatio Tennyson's family interfered with his enlisting as a private soldier, his position as an eighth son not permitting him to buy a commission in the Army, he had thoughts of entering the Church; but he remained a layman, cultivating spiritualistic inquiry with a much clearer belief in the Catholic doctrine of communion with the dead. A Sister of Mercy told me that at one of his many places of residence, Clifton, in Somersetshire, she saw him regularly in church, where it was his custom to kneel up against a pillar with his forehead on his hand.

The next morning there was a note, with an invitation to lunch, from Mrs. Tennyson; it was brought by her sons, Hallam and Lionel; they were both then

public-school boys. Lionel was at Eton, and his parents' extraordinary kindness for his Eton friends made my husband and myself, whose home and work were at Eton, the receivers of ever-increasing kindness and welcome.

Farringford in its wooded seclusion is always beautiful, winter or summer. I saw it first on a bleak winter day. The great drawing-room, with the French windows opening on the lawn, and high trees, with a view of the lovely sweep of the Bay, was occupied by a small party. I seem to remember Tennyson entering silently and moving slowly and remaining rather silent among his guests through luncheon. Lady Tennyson's perfection of reception, her touching beauty, which wakened the heart and really warmed it as chiseled beauty so seldom does, dispelled shyness at the first meeting.

I can recall the whole far-off look of the poet as he came down from his morning's work. He moved slowly, as I have said, and looked sad; he wore gray tweed, with deep linen collar close up to the chin and deep shirt-cuffs turned back over the sleeves after a fashion not uncommon in the days of lavish laundry. As for the wearer, it is difficult to make a pen-and-ink portrait from a reminiscence of first meeting, but I should say that the consummate beauty of Tennyson's pose of head and of the shapely nose always impressed the beholder at first sight, though a short black beard marred the fine moulding of mouth and chin, and strong glasses, necessary to his sight, sealed up the light that was so often in his eyes. There were hard lines, too, near the mouth, which, like his grave motion, marked him as a man of sorrows.

Toward luncheon's end there was some conversation at the poet's side of the table about the Crimean War. I caught the story of a book of his in the

breast-pocket of an officer who wrote to tell him that it had been pierced by a bullet and saved his life under fire. What struck my imagination as I sat by Mrs. Tennyson was the talk about the Crimea. When did I ever hear it discussed? Here it was as if the war was yesterday. Every subject of the day was, of course, debated at Farringford, but it was my first impression of the way England's wars and affairs blended with its personal life. To-day and to-morrow came into the poet's life. The frame of it all was old-fashioned. There was something robust and old-world even about the luncheon. The roast which was carved upon the table and the four side-dishes placed, as Miss Thackeray once described, north, south, east, and west of the centre, and then the simplicity of the household, the modest-sized dining-room, the quiet service of a demure parlor-maid — all belonged to an old-fashioned 'haunt of ancient peace.'

This impressed a Parisian servant of ours who stayed once in the house. When asked about Farringford, she said, '*Oh, Madame, c'est la paix.*'

At coming away, the host led us kindly to the hall-door, where it was his wont to let his short-sighted eyes make closer acquaintance with his guests. He asked me if I knew Magdalene Brookfield. He heard that she was coming to stay at Freshwater, and he had learned that she had grown up. 'She is the daughter of my old friend Brookfield.' He pronounced the name like Maud and as Magdalen College is pronounced at Oxford. The Lincolnshire accent was more marked in Alfred Tennyson's speech than in his younger brother Horatio's. It is to be remembered that the Somersby home broke up when the last-born Tennyson was a boy.

Presently, when she reached Freshwater, twenty, and lovely in mind and

person, Magdalene Brookfield was told of the Laureate's respectful inquiries, and she replied, 'Of course.' Soon she was to accompany us to Farringford for a promised evening reading of *The Holy Grail*.

As I have said, the house is always beautiful. By night it has a charming welcome, secluded in the starlit park, with firelit book-walls within, and the mask of Dante presiding over those in the great drawing-room. It was the old-fashioned after-dinner tea-time. Life was early at Farringford. The pleasant order of its evenings has often been described, but I will depict it here because it belongs to an old world at peace, and we shall not recover that former stable and fixed existence. Winter and summer the dinner-hour was at half-past six and dessert was served in the drawing-room; after the wine the master of the house and the gentlemen — if any with him — mounted the winding stair to the study in a turret, and, except for an hour's smoke, the evening hours after tea would run till near midnight, while the poet sat on with his family — and guests, if there were any.

As we entered, we found the ladies only in the drawing-room. The candles on the centre-table lit the stately room, the tea which had succeeded the dessert was prepared, and the chairs ranged round the table according to the ritual of the night at Farringford. Presently Tennyson came in and, as at luncheon, greeted us rather dreamily and took his place in the high chair at the table. As he sat there in the candlelight, with vast breadth of white evening linen, I was better able than before to judge of the great *carrure* of his shoulders, the tall forehead shaped so like the forehead in the busts of Shakespeare, and the finely shaped hands. Dean Bradley and Dr. Butler, Master of Trinity, both then Headmasters, had come in with

him; their wives, Mrs. Tennyson and her sister, Mrs. Weld, and her daughter, Agnes Weld, were present, and the sons of the house, Hallam and Lionel, appeared for the reading from belated schoolboy adventures in the Bay.

It was a bass voice, deeper than Horatio's, that now began the dialogue in the cloister; it was varied in many tones, but sustained like a chant. Tennyson's reading was full of his theory of sound, and the reading of blank verse was part of his lifelong devotion to the blank-verse line. It was not enough with him to write it well, you must read it well.

'Many a man can write a poem, but very few can read one,' he said to us once later on.

The first ten pages of *The Holy Grail* contain magic lines comparable only to certain verses of *The Ancient Mariner*. It was wonderful to hear from the poet's lips a description of the holy nun's vision and of the distant music which stole upon her ear like the music of Arthur's horn when she thought he hunted by moonlight, and of the unearthly light which broke into her cell:—

And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail,
Rose-red with beatings in it, as if alive! . . .

When the long narrative of the Quest began, the sound of the names of the Knights of Camelot were caught with delight; Launcelot and the story of his repentance, 'Galahad, O Galahad,' pronounced by a master of sound. Merlin, too, was music to the ear; his enchantments seemed to pass into the charm of his name. A long, long-sustained reading it was, an epic full of symbol. Launcelot's words about his love for the Queen, ineradicable, and therefore baffling his quest, fell upon the ear poignantly. Arthur's pronouncement was lost, but his grand image stood out clear at the close.

'How do you read the *Idylls*?' Tennyson asked me on a walk. It was long afterward, and many criticisms of the *Grail* had appeared. 'What do I care for old legends and myths?' he said then. I cared for the images, as I told him, and ever shall read them with delight beside the ancient scripts.

After the long-sustained reading was over, the Headmasters supplied the scholarly comments, the ladies such timid queries as were possible to their grasp of the story. When the four-wheeler came to take our party back to the Bay it was the master of the house who led us to the door. If Tennyson lacked his wife's 'genius of reception,' he never failed to give his guests a charming good-night. 'The Winter Walk at Noon' was proposed to my husband for the next day, and Magdalene Brookfield's return to Farringford was warmly asked for.

When we had reached Mrs. Cameron, who was sitting up for us, ready for all thrills and impressions, the youngest of the party could not repress a protest against the strain of 'question time' after the reading of poetry. 'Nobody felt inclined to say anything,' she said, 'but everybody thought it necessary.' And it was then that the young Magdalene initiated a legend which survived, that a lady had taken a leap in the dark and asked the poet with intensity, 'Mr. Tennyson, *who* was Grail?'

Mrs. Cameron's brown eyes danced with merriment. 'We want your father here,' she cried, 'with his rich humor! We live too much in the clouds; Alfred's entourage is too serious.'

But nobody was more serious than herself in her study of the poem we had just heard, and her intonation of the lines expressive of Launcelot's struggle has helped to fix their pathos and truth to nature unforgettably in my mind.

Some quite new intercourse and walks and talks with the poet were now

to follow at Freshwater. Anne Thackeray — as she then was — came to stay, bringing her own freshness and saltiness and original point of view upon everything. She seemed to have lived in Tennyson's company all her life. Magdalene Brookfield responded to his raciness and humor. There were walks breasting the down in twos or threes with the bard, and evenings of music at Farringford, when my husband's playing and singing of old Italian composers delighted Mrs. Tennyson, and a particular song of Scarlatti's — 'All a-sighing and a-longing,' the poet said — was one night rewarded by a magnificent reading of *Lycidas*, followed by the unexpected outburst, 'I don't suppose one damned German can appreciate the verse as I can.' And there was a last day and a winter sunset when enchanted and enchanting Tennyson walked in the winter-embowered paths of the Farringford kitchen-garden lavishing

companionship on us: Three little green volumes, inscribed with the names of Anne Thackeray, Magdalene Brookfield, and myself, and with the date, New Year, 1870, remain as witnesses of the charmed phase. They are copies of *The Holy Grail*.

Some time afterward the poet was sending wedding presents to his old friend Brookfield's daughter, and the letter which took her his congratulations is so representative of his talk and of the 'life poetic' which passed into it, that I have obtained leave to print the letter here:—

MY DEAR MAGDALENE,

I have never done anything for you except once as a child I helped you up a ladder; now I send you some of my books, for I hear you are to marry William Ritchie. I am glad that your foot is on the first rung of the ladder the top of which is in Heaven.

Yours sincerely,

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE LAST DROP OF A MAGIC STREAM

BY VLADIMIR BAHMETIEFF

[This story appeared originally in the Voronezh Sirena: a Proletarian Fortnightly, No. 1. It is by a young and unknown writer, but from the viewpoint of psychological analysis it is one of the best examples of what contemporary literary critics in Russia call proletarian fiction.]

I

SEPTEMBER was dropping its last golden days over the city. The sky still retained its bright blue and occasionally shimmered with warmth, but in the shade, especially on the sidewalks, the early, light frost held its own almost till midday, while the peculiar odor of decaying vegetation was exhaled by every garden patch.

It was striking ten in the near-by church-tower when Voroshilin left his house. He was still under the influence of the uncomfortable night he had spent in disquieting dreams, though it was a beautiful, sunny morning, ringing with vigor and vitality. Maple leaves, colored with the various hues of ruddy gold, were falling into the light bluish

haze that brooded by the fences. The pavement stones, on the side facing the sun, seemed to be exhaling a vapor.

Not far from the nearest corner, a crowd of people stood in silence, gazing at a huge placard, on which some sort of appeal flamed in red print against a white background. Pausing for a moment, Voroshilin ran through the first lines: —

Comrades and citizens! The enemies of the Revolution are spreading wild and absurd rumors throughout the city. Supported by the benighted elements of the population, they are attempting to organize an uprising against the Proletarian Authority. . . .

A new wave of disquietude surged in Voroshilin's heart and chilled it as with a draft. He touched his silk muffler with one finger that shook occasionally, coughed slightly, and hurried on.

An automobile rushed by, making sounds that reminded one of a duck's quacking. Laborers, messenger boys, young fellows in gray coats were hurrying back and forth. In front of a store with a huge sign running the whole width of the building, clerks were stamping around on the cold asphalt, undecided as to whether or not they should begin their customary occupation.

Several times, in answer to other people's greetings, Voroshilin raised his wide-brimmed felt hat. He repeated the motion quite mechanically when a beggar on a corner bowed down before him. Then he caught himself and smiled weakly. His thoughts seemed cobwebbed, his eyes ran distractedly from object to object. Suddenly he was startled by the feeling that someone was gazing at him with good-natured scorn.

'Ah, Pronin,' he said as carelessly as he could. 'Good morning.'

A man with long moustaches and bushy eyebrows, that made him re-

semble Nietzsche, shook hands with Voroshilin.

'Greetings to the enlightener of the proletariat!'

There was a decided note of derision in Pronin's voice as he said this, but Voroshilin did not even wince. On the contrary, in that softly insinuating tone of voice which he used when speaking with people who had been pushed to the fore by the Revolution, he said: 'Is there anything new?'

'Nothing special,' replied Pronin carelessly, at the same time frowning and throwing sidelong glances at the passers-by.

'Yes, yes, of course,' muttered Voroshilin, frightened by the thought that his question might have been entirely out of place in the street, within the earshot of all sorts of people.

But Pronin himself suddenly changed his tone, and said, mildly and confidently: 'Things are in a pretty bad state, comrade. The Whites are playing an open game. The steel mills can't be relied on at all. Unless we get help from the outside, who knows what —'

He made a motion of helpless despair and looked around.

'Do you have a family, Voroshilin?'

'No. Why?'

'Oh, just so. Have you got a gun? I can get you a fine Belgian piece. Come round and see me.'

Down the street, in the sunlit morning haze, the white columns of the cathedral stood out prominently, and the sharp belfry glittered in the sky. Birds were flitting over the roof of the church-tower, which seemed like a part of some fortress.

His hands clasped behind his back, Pronin was marching down the street, occasionally scraping the pavement with his huge, reddish boots. But Voroshilin still stood in the same place, gazing at the street as if he had never seen it before. The thought came to

him that the cathedral, with its tower and the birds flitting over it, the whole city with all its noise and bustle, were really eternal; that they would continue to live from day to day and from year to year, no matter what happened to him to-morrow. A feeling akin to envy, toward the passionless things that surround man on this earth, suddenly seized him.

But it lasted only for a moment. Squaring his shoulders with renewed determination, he pressed a little more tightly under his arm the bag containing his new plans of public education, and paced again down the street.

Fierce, hostile tempests are lashing to fury.
Forces of evil oppress us to-day. . . .

Mumbling to himself the opening lines of the revolutionary anthem, but with his heart still chilled by disquietude, Voroshilin finally entered his department.

Old Lukích, the doorman who still remained over from the old régime, opened the heavy front door with his accustomed subservient bow. For the hundredth time the thought occurred to Voroshilin that it was a disgrace to keep the old man there nowadays, and that it was time to get rid of him. But he went on to his own office.

In the large, well-furnished office which Voroshilin occupied, a number of visitors were waiting for him. As he came in, some of them rose to their feet with the same servility that had marked old Lukích's greeting.

'Please, please keep your seats,' he said to them. 'But then —' His voice became strained. 'I cannot see you to-day. No, I cannot —'

II

Left alone, Voroshilin took some papers out of the bag, sorted them, took up a pen, and then remained motionless, as if he had fallen asleep over his

papers. It seemed that on his pale, slightly swollen face all his youth was reflected in the form of a small provincial town, with its gray little church, its dusty market-place, and all its endless boredom that had drained and exhausted some of the best years of his life.

One of his secretaries came into the room. He was one of those old régime officials who were so pitiful in their almost spasmodic efforts to grasp the 'new.' In his way, he was just as much out of place as old Lukích.

'May I?' he said in a respectfully low voice, holding a bundle of papers before him and indicating in every manner possible that he was ready, at the slightest indication from his superior, to return whence he had appeared.

'Yes, come in.'

Voroshilin was distracted as he gave instructions to the secretary. Scenes of his youth were crowding into his consciousness. The insults and humiliations he had had to swallow when he was a teacher in that small town stood out before him with maddening vividness. The official was listening to him with utmost respect, yet in his mind the thought kept on revolving that his new superior was as different from the one he had under the old régime, as a traveling salesman is from a minister of state.

'Are you listening to me?' suddenly asked Voroshilin, interrupting himself. Then, catching unerringly the meaning of the official's guilt-betraying confusion, he said, in what seemed to be the same calm tone: 'Please have all this work finished by Saturday, and in the meantime write out immediately a statement to the effect that you resign your position here.'

'W-why — I don't understand —' muttered the official. Then, rubbing the bald spot on his head with the palm of his hand, he slowly moved backward toward the door.

And while the official was backing out of the room, Victor Sergeyevich Voroshilin was ringing the bell on his desk with utmost impatience. His face was gray.

'Ask Comrade Nikitin to come in.'

Then he threw himself back in his chair, waiting for his colleague. His whole figure expressed confusion and pain.

Only a few months before, Nikitin was a factory hand. Now he was in complete charge of the distribution of books and other literature in the whole province. Awkward in his motions, his hair too unruly for comb and brush, but clean-shaven and neatly dressed, Nikitin walked across the room and sat down by the table.

'Well, comrade,' said Voroshilin, as he pushed his papers to one side, 'I have just finished with that fellow Ryabkin. It's too bad, of course — he is a married man and has a family. But what can you do with him?'

'Should have done it long ago,' said Nikitin in a tone of encouragement.

'You really think so? I am glad.'

Voroshilin heaved a sigh of relief.

'We ought to take the inspectors in hand, too,' he continued with greater animation. 'They all got positions as teachers, and merely continue their old sabotage. Besides, a good many of them were only yesterday members of the most reactionary organizations. Did you know about that?'

'Yes, I've heard something like it.'

'So. And how about the seminary? Have you taken over their library?'

'The same day.'

'You are a wonder, Nikitin. I really envy you. You have such persistence, such a capacity for overcoming details. I have n't any of those qualities. To tell the truth, I doubt if I am in the right place, considering — one might say — the present moment.'

Nikitin merely grunted. 'The Party

ought to know who is fit and for what.'

'Yes, of course, but I feel myself — Tell me, what am I, anyway?'

'In the first place, you are a member of the Party; in the second place, you are a teacher; in the third —'

But Voroshilin interrupted him. 'No, I am a good-for-nothing *intelligent*, that's what I am.'

And as if it gave him pleasure, he began to complain to Nikitin vehemently that he had long since lost all appreciation of elemental powers, of whole-hearted action.

All this was quite true. Victor Sergeyevich was a member of the most heroic and fiery party in the whole of history. Around him was the most stupendous struggle of colossal forces that the world had ever seen, a life-and-death struggle of the classes. He did not feel himself a stranger there, but neither did he feel himself quite of it. His school, his books, the poesy of long and continuous poverty, the years of his life in the out-of-the-way provincial corner that had bled his soul white, had torn him away from red-blooded realities, and enchanted him with things that were of the clouds and of unreal dreamings.

'Do not contradict me, Nikitin, I know what I am worth,' he was saying hastily, as if he feared that his colleague would interrupt him. 'Any other man in my place would have overpowered the circumstances, subjugated them, made the whole atmosphere around him tingle and ring with his own energy. But my veins are filled with the blood of nobles. My grandfathers and great-grandfathers drained my strength. At times, my friend, it seems to me as though my ancestors had a premonition that I was destined to serve the common people, and did the thing deliberately to make me useless in this service. That's why I love so much and can do so little. And my hatred against our

enemies also is n't real — at least it is not effective, like a shell without the primer.'

Nikitin knew all this. He knew that Voroshilin was loyal to the utmost to the cause which he served, but he also knew that there was much sentimentality in this loyalty. Whenever, at noisy meetings, Victor Sergeyevich would shout out, 'We shall crush them, we must not spare them!' he seemed so helpless, yet so boastful in his helplessness, that one wanted to burst out in a peal of maddening laughter or else to break out in sobs of pity.

And Nikitin knew perfectly well the fact that there were two sides to Voroshilin. It did not matter that during the day he fought with all his vigor against the reactionary notions of an academic collegium, or threatened the inspector of a private school, or pounded the table during a conversation with the representatives of the Teachers' Union. Everybody knew that in the evening his old cook conducted to his private study all sorts of 'counter-revolutionists' begging for a pension. And there he would wax eloquent on the subject of the 'thorny age,' and the sufferings of 'misunderstood' workers, and the fact that in caring for mankind 'we' have neglected the man. . . .

Nikitin listened to him, frowning occasionally. But his eyes remained kindly. Finally he rose to his feet, stretched himself, and said in a decisive tone: 'All right, Voroshilin. Now that you've raked up your soul, you ought to be satisfied. Give us a cigarette.'

Still excited and heated, Victor Sergeyevich hunted for his cigarette case for a long time. At last he found it. While lighting his cigarette, Nikitin said: 'Have you heard that things look bad in the city?'

'Why, yes, yes.' The recital of his own difficulties and complaints acted

like an intoxicant and clouded his consciousness. 'Yes, I have heard it.'

III

Voroshilin always felt a distinct relief after a conversation with his friend, in which he did not spare himself. It always seemed to him that a part of his burden was shifted to someone else's shoulders. A gentle sadness would fill his soul, and he would begin to feel sorry for himself and for others. So on this occasion he even began to wonder whether he did right in being so cruel with the old official whom he had deprived of a livelihood by forcing him to resign that morning.

'Is it a man's fault that he was born a slave?' he was saying to himself. 'How can I demand things from him?'

The door squeaked on its hinges.

'May I come in, Victor Sergeyevich?' said a deep feminine voice.

Voroshilin half rose from his chair.

'What can I do for you, Nina Petrovna?'

She walked hastily to a chair by the table, and sinking into it, extended a paper toward Voroshilin. 'This may interest you.'

She was excited. Gleams of light flashed in her gray eyes that ordinarily had the color of the March bloom of willows.

Victor Sergeyevich glanced at the paper. Same old story. The Council of Art, which seemed to be fairly launched on its way, was going to pieces, because a group of its members had just resigned 'as a matter of principle.'

Voroshilin swept a lock of hair from his broad, white forehead, and his face suddenly became flushed.

'Most extraordinary people, most extraordinary!'

His voice trembled.

'No, Nina Petrovna, a whole generation of the intelligentsia will have gone down into the grave before the pro-

letariat finds real friends for itself. What do they hope for? What are they trying to do?’

He recalled in a flash the placard he saw that morning, the words of the man who looked like Nietzsche, his own recent acute sensation of disquietude.

‘How will they justify their desertion? What excuse will they find for leaving the people, for fleeing life? Ideals? A refusal to accept the road by which the masses intend to travel? But would that be a justification? Suppose that a huge historic error is being committed. But hundreds of thousands of toilers have lifted the cross with a unanimous decision to carry it on to its goal or else perish. And the man who stands aside and spits on this path of the cross, is he not a slave, or something still worse?’

As he was speaking, the sounds of a far-off factory whistle began to drift into the room, together with the rays of the autumn sun which had just risen over the wall of the adjoining building.

‘But, Victor Sergeyevich,’ said the girl, ‘what shall we do? We cannot go ahead that way. What shall we do?’

‘Nothing.’ Voroshilin rose abruptly to his feet. ‘You and I cannot do anything. Only force can persuade them to turn back and teach them anything. They will follow nothing but force.’

He stepped over to the window and began to listen.

‘Sounds like an alarm from the steel mills,’ said the girl in a low voice.

A constantly increasing volume of heavy sound was spreading over the city. Gasping and choking, the powerful shrieks of a brazen throat were filling the air with growing alarms.

‘Something is happening there.’

Victor Sergeyevich went out into the hall and ran into Nikitin, who was hurriedly slipping on his leather coat.

‘Where are you going? And by the way, the artists do not deign to ac-

cept our proposition. An extraordinary people!’

‘Oh, let them go to blazes,’ said Nikitin, walking rapidly. ‘We can do without them.’

‘But where are you going?’ Voroshilin caught him by the sleeve.

‘Don’t you hear what’s going on? I’ve got to run to the regional headquarters.’

Voroshilin suddenly felt as if everything within him slumped down. He remained silent, watching Nikitin disappear behind the columns of the staircase.

Turning around, he saw that the doors all along the hall were open, and heads showed through them. Grayish feminine faces were seen in some of the doorways, and frightened eyes peered out in fear and curiosity. Shining heads of petty officials extended through other doorways, and hairy, freckled hands clasped the doorframes. At the end of the hall Voroshilin saw the figure of old Lukich, who looked like a battered paper-doll covered with the dust of many years.

Roused by a wave of an uncontrollable hatred toward all of these people, who suddenly appeared like spectres coming to life, Voroshilin shrieked at them: ‘Back to your places, all of you!’

He almost ran back to his own room, banged the door shut, and stood puffing in front of an open window.

He saw before him the roofs of the neighboring buildings that shone dully in the pale rays of the sun. The air around him was vibrating with the shrieks of the factory whistles, so fearful now in their nerve-racking gasping. Scenes of fighting and of struggle rose in his mind.

Somewhere back there, in quarters that had been blackened by soot and smoke, amid the rumble of iron and the roar of machinery, a new page was being written for the book of the great

drama. Someone, rising in defense of the new truth, like the archangel who rose against the fearful ancient deity, was entering, with his own blood for ink, into the book of life the record of human deeds which can never be repeated. And while all this was going on, he stood there, alone, pale as death, his forehead beaded with icy drops, he, Victor Voroshilin, who had had the advantages of a university training and of a splendid education.

Carousing and drinking, fighting senseless duels, whirled on the winds of tinsel passion, bowing to the ground before scoundrels who happened for the moment to hold power, his noble ancestors had scattered to the winds all the precious spiritual gifts of the family tradition. And now, when the people were calling to creative work, when the final, decisive struggle raged in fury, some of the remnants of this dying nobility steeped their hands in the blood of the Revolution, while some, like Voroshilin, stood in helpless impotence, stretching their hands upward toward the heavenly flame.

Victor Sergeyevich covered his face with the trembling palms of his white hands. The continuous shrieking of the factory whistles beat ceaselessly against his throbbing brain.

IV

From the hall came the sound of many shuffling feet. Voroshilin opened the door and looked out.

'They are all going home,' said the bookkeeper apologetically, pausing for a moment in front of Voroshilin.

'But why should they? Nothing seems to have happened yet.'

'That's what I told them.' The bookkeeper showed his impatience. 'But they would n't listen. They are beginning to shoot out there, you see, and we could hear it in that end of the building.'

He pointed toward the end of the corridor, and continued his way toward the staircase.

At that moment Nina Petrovna rushed over to Voroshilin.

'They are firing, Victor Sergeyevich!'

'You had better go home, Nina Petrovna. There was something I wanted to say to you. Well, never mind, we'll talk about it later. Better go now.'

'And you?'

The girl looked at him with her clear eyes that had not been singed as yet by the flames of life, and Voroshilin recognized in her gaze the fear which a woman sometimes experiences when she doubts the ability of a man who is dear to her to take care of himself in a dangerous situation. He felt uneasy.

'I? I am going to the House of Revolution. They know there what is really going on.'

He bowed to her.

'Yes, you ought to go there,' she said, extending her hand. 'Your place is there. Only, you know —' Her eyes glowed with a soft caress. 'You ought to take care of yourself.'

Voroshilin's heart beat faster in response to her glance. He looked at her quickly, as if he were going to say something significant and important, but he said nothing. He merely bowed his head and walked toward the door.

In the street the sounds of the factory whistles seemed even more disquieting and nerve-racking. Everything was in place, but the streets themselves were deserted. There was not a person as far as his eye could see, and the pavement along which he now hurried seemed like the endless corridor of an abandoned palace. And in this emptiness, inanimate objects seemed quivering with anxiety, as if awaiting something with fear and apprehension.

The choking groans of the factory whistles whirled along like tempests, danced on the pavements, drew pale

faces to the gaping openings of windows, drove a half-frenzied cab driver at a mad speed away from the centre from which they spread.

Voroshilin attempted to stop the driver, but the latter merely lashed his horses and continued his mad course without as much as a glance at the man who shouted to him.

Down Bolshaya Street, the moment Voroshilin turned into it, dashed a detachment of mounted Red Guards. A bicycle whizzed by. Workmen with rifles thrown over their shoulders were walking along the street in small groups. A peasant woman in a white apron, with her sleeves rolled up almost to her shoulders, stood at the half-open gate of a large house, muttering something to herself as she watched the procession. The last stores were being locked, the iron coverings of the windows and the doors sliding into place with a rasping sound. Belated passers-by hurried along, their faces expressing abject terror.

Over to one side, rifle shots sounded like a continued staccato, their sharp reports scratching the more or less even surface of sounds coming from the factory whistles that seemed never to leave off their accumulating alarms.

A Red Cross automobile stood in front of a drug store, its motor going at a terrific pace. Victor Sergeyevich went over to the chauffeur and gave his name.

‘What is happening in the city?’

The chauffeur remained gloomily silent.

‘Comrade, I am asking you —’

‘We came over for medical supplies,’ came in a dull, wooden voice from the interior of the car.

‘For the wounded?’ Something seemed to snap in Voroshilin’s brain. He rushed forward, breaking into a run. Window-shutters were banged into place all along the street. He did not stop any more, until he had reached

the huge plate-glass door of a large white house.

In the dark entrance-hall Voroshilin found himself facing two guards, armed with rifles with bayonets attached. By the wall stood a machine gun, with a soldier’s coat thrown over it and its muzzle facing the entrance door.

‘Pass on,’ said the man at the machine gun, glancing at Voroshilin’s card, ‘I know you.’

The last two words thrown at him by the guard brought Voroshilin back to his normal self. It suddenly struck him that it would never do for all these people who knew him and who knew the duty that lay on him to read in his face the fear and terror that were written on it so plainly. He pressed his lips tightly, coughed in his sternest manner, and began to ascend the staircase with appropriate dignity.

All sorts of people crowded in the corridor, which seemed like a long tunnel. Men in gray military coats mixed with men dressed in factory clothes and with youths sporting all varieties of habiliments. A cross-fire of conversation went on all the time; rifle-locks clicked every once in a while. A hot breath of excitement seemed to pervade the place.

A telephone was ringing somewhere, sharply and insistently. Somebody was shouting orders into another telephone. Sounds of laughter came through a half-open door.

A young fellow in a blouse and armed with a short sword and a hand grenade appeared from somewhere, and after watching the crowd for an instant, shouted: ‘The Sloboda detachment, take your places! The Pakhom detachment, to room 3!’

Noting Voroshilin, the young fellow said to him, ‘You are wanted in the corner room.’

But Victor Sergeyevich walked over to him.

'How are things turning out, comrade?'

The young fellow took Voroshilin's arm.

'The Whites are intrenched in the Uspensk Cemetery and in the Syenny Row. We are pressing them. They've begun guerilla attacks.'

'Are there many of them?'

The young fellow chuckled.

'They have n't reported that to us.'

'No, of course not, but —'

Victor Sergeyevich became confused.

'The most important thing is that we cannot depend on the steel mills at all,' said the young fellow, changing again to a serious tone. 'One provocation after another. Well, we'll get out of it some way or other.'

In the corner room, where the committee was in session, the smoke hung so thick that at first Victor Sergeyevich could see only the general outlines of the figures sitting in the chairs. A samovar was puffing on a card-table, and glasses stood around it, with cigarette-butts soaking in the saucers. A slanting ray of the sun fell directly on the chairman's back, gilding his disheveled hair and glinting on the bell which he held in his hard, muscular hand.

Victor Sergeyevich dropped down on the arm of a divan, hoping that he would not be noticed. But the chairman's eyes found him there.

'Pardon me just a moment,' he said, interrupting a speaker. 'Comrade Voroshilin, please go to the agitation room and make up an appeal. They'll tell you what it is all about.'

At the agitation room Voroshilin was told that an armored train was ordered from the nearest military centre and was due that evening. This information brought him very little comfort.

'Things must be pretty serious,' he thought to himself.

V

When our mind is conscious of the crude realities, the hidden strings of the heart are mute. But when we peer into the secrets that lie beyond the white gates of thought, when we stand on the threshold between life and death, we cannot but hear the palpitating undulations of the Ultimate Horror.

When Victor Sergeyevich was going to the station with Nikitin to meet the armored train, he leaned over to his colleague and shouted into his ear so that his voice would be heard over the roar of the rushing automobile: 'I feel as though I were asleep and would soon awake.'

Nikitin burst out into a laugh.

'This is no time to sleep, man.'

At the station, Voroshilin dragged Nikitin into the restaurant. 'Let's have some tea. You know, I have just realized — No, I have n't realized, but I have had an overmastering feeling that the end is near.'

'You mean that you will die?'

'No, that is not it. Imagine that back of you is a living garland of ancestors, running back over generations, a stream of their deeds, thoughts, moods, sufferings, joys — My family —'

'Look out, Voroshilin,' said Nikitin, interrupting him. 'You seem to be obsessed to-day with your family and your ancestors.'

'Wait — So, behind you is a whole sea of life and passion. And you are also a drop of that sea, but the last drop. Do you understand? The *last* drop of that magic stream. —'

'Well?'

'And so I peer into the darkness before me, and I see — No, I really *feel* the cold breath of an abyss. I gaze into it, I hang over it. The moment may come when the past which is behind me may break. Thin thread that it is, it is still holding me. But it breaks, and I

fall into the abyss, and my heart bursts like a soap bubble blown into the air —'

'All that is nerves, Voroshilin,' said Nikitin. 'The trouble with you, the intelligentsia, is that a whirlwind is too much for you. You've got to pull yourself together.'

Voroshilin looked at him earnestly and sadly, and said: 'That's just what I am trying to do, Nikitin.'

The sunset was still red in the west, but the eastern portion of the sky was already enveloped in the gloomy dusk of an autumn evening. Lamps twinkled along the tracks that ran out into the night. Black, heavy locomotives moved to and fro, puffing and rumbling along. Guards walked back and forth along the platform, stamping heavily, their rifles jingling occasionally. A monotonous click came in a continuous stream from the telegraph room.

Suddenly the station bell began to ring, and its sounds drowned the rumble of the moving locomotives and the echo of the far-off shots.

'The train has left the station,' said Voroshilin to himself, and stepped into the small park back of the station.

To-morrow, a day of blood and vengeance, rose clear in his inflamed imagination. A numbing weakness came over him. He dropped down on a broken bench. Over his head, the half-bare branches of an old linden were droning a monotonous ditty. An icy fragment of the moon gazed at him through the nettings of branches. And suddenly he experienced an overpowering longing for the old world that was so near and dear to him, the world of Turgenev's idyllic villages, of Chekhov's stories, with their fading romances of unuttered love.

He rose from the bench, closed his eyes, and inwardly irradiated by these reminiscences, moved briskly down the path. What if this old crumbling world is a crime before mankind, a dying

world, doomed to dissolution? That world is his past. It might not have had a reason for being, but there was an inexpressible joy in it.

From the very depth of his heart welled a feeling of devotion to that which lay behind and which only a few hours before seemed buried forever.

Then suddenly a sensation of terror filled Voroshilin, as if the ground began to sway under his feet. It was that fearful sensation which comes to a drunkard when he first realizes that he is in the power of a dark, elemental force, against which his mind is helpless, his will powerless.

With a feeling of shame, that pierced his whole being with acute pain, Voroshilin stood at the dark end of the street. Like a moving fan, the fallen leaves were twirling along the station platform. His glance traveled from their dull, ruddy shimmer to the gray rows of houses, that ran back into the interior of the city, exhaling endless, unrelieved boredom, behind which there was neither life nor thought.

And as if seeking a way out of the flood of thoughts that had rushed over him, with a sudden realization that the last and decisive act of his life was just about to unfold itself, Voroshilin raised his head.

The first thing he saw was a dark figure in the gaping frame of a window in the house across the way. Then he detected other figures, motionless in the windows, on the roof, on the heavy awning. Involuntarily he flung himself back, still not comprehending what was before him, but feeling with his whole being that he stood in the face of that Ultimate Horror, which is as old as the world, and from the sight of which man and mole alike flee precipitately in an indescribable terror.

Dark rifles were pointing at him from above. His first impulse was to run, but something stopped him. It was a slow,

but commanding motion of a hand in one of the windows.

'An ambush!' The word was like a blinding streak of lightning, as it flashed through his brain.

He realized that someone, who was a stranger and an enemy, was showing him the way to escape. A mad longing for life rose in him. Cautiously, with the noiseless gait of a stealing dog, he began to move forward, along the street, in the direction pointed out to him by the hand that granted him his life.

At that moment the rumble of the approaching train reached his ears. A wave of despair rushed over him out of the fearful roar and rattle of the steel monster. He was still moving on, the muscles of his legs contracted and expanded in greedy springs; his eyes glanced quickly at each turn and twist of the way, seeking a place of safety, but in his soul the struggle was over.

And when, like a pendulum that had lost its power of vibration, he stopped still, a sudden light seemed to inundate him as sunlight plays on a cornfield after a storm. That light burst out into a conflagration of frenzied triumph, when he threw up his head, pressed his lips together, and made the first step back toward the approaching roar of the armored train.

Then he began to run. He no longer felt the weight of his body: it was as if he flew through the air. He was trembling all over with the proud joy of victory, carried on by the exultation of a struggle such as he had never before known and in which there could be no defeat. Not for an instant did the thought occur to him that he was doing a deed of heroism, that he was saving hundreds of lives. He only knew that his act was a communion with the blessed joys of eternity, which shimmered with millions of human lives.

Silence became unbearable. Not a

person at the station could have heard him, but he stretched forward his hands and shouted in a voice quivering with desperate appeal: 'Comrades!'

As if by command, shots came from two windows. He did not hear the shots, did not see the tongues of flame. But suddenly the pavement sprang away from him, then recoiled back with a fearful blow against his feet, and finally dragged him on into the unknown.

Nikitin stood on the edge of the platform, exulting in the strength which emanated from the huge armored train, when he was startled by the shots behind the station. For a moment he could not move, but men were already jumping from the train, their rifles clenched tightly.

'Who is firing there?' asked a tall man in a fur cap, running over to Nikitin. 'Are you the commandant?'

'No, I am a committeeman. And you?'

A new salvo came from behind the station, and Nikitin did not wait for an answer to his question.

'Comrades,' he shouted, suddenly realizing the situation. 'An ambush!'

The tall man in a fur cap ran back to the train.

'Comrades! Over to the other side! Comrades, detrain on the other side!'

Small groups of soldiers sprang from the train, hastily preparing for action.

Nikitin's voice could be heard from the other side of the station: 'Down! On the ground!'

Everything disappeared for a moment in the chaos of the first encounter of the two forces.

Only when electric lights flared up over the square, those advancing from the station saw at a distance, in the zone of fire, a man prone on the pavement.

Motionless and inexpressibly dignified in his calm, he lay there, with his face turned toward the starry abyss, the secrets of which hold terror only for the living.

MEMORIES OF CARUSO

BY EMIL LEDNER

[The memories of Caruso by his European manager, the first installment of which we printed in our issue of April 15, are concluded in the following article.]

From *Berliner Tageblatt*, March 14, 18, 23
(RADICAL LIBERAL DAILY)

An artist who spends nearly his entire life in travel naturally loses interest in the places he visits. With a single exception, Caruso was utterly indifferent to the city where he chanced to be. That exception was Hamburg. I always informed him in May of our coming season's circuit; but during the previous winter he would write repeatedly to inquire, with lively interest, whether I was not forgetting 'Ambourgo.' I do not know whether this was because Hamburg reminded him of his beloved Naples, or whether pleasant social connections made him welcome a return.

He was especially fond of the Palace Hotel, where we always stopped. The same apartment invariably awaited him, arranged precisely as when he left it the year before. He was a perfect fool about children, and had taken the two tiny daughters of the hotel proprietor to his heart. He exchanged post cards with them during the winter, sang little songs to them in his reception room, played short scenes from Italian farces for them, performed conjurer's tricks for their entertainment, and when in Berlin almost pillaged the toyshops along Friedrichstrasse in their behalf. Every year he gave a conjurer's entertainment in the private apartments of mine host, at which he always exhibited a number of new tricks.

He also had a great liking for the manager of the Hamburg Opera House, and for a little restaurant in that city,

although he ordinarily paid slight attention to what he ate. For some reason he seemed to feel happier and more at ease in Hamburg than elsewhere. This spirit manifested itself even in his relations with the members of the cast. Hamburg, furthermore, was his 'first night' city, where he sang for the first time in Germany in *Lucia*, *Tosca*, and *Martha*.

Another city has the unhappy eminence of being the scene of Caruso's solitary artistic failure. While he was alive, I did not feel free to puncture the Budapest legend, and to let the real facts be known. Since his death I have read articles in prominent newspapers, confirming again the legendary interpretation of the affair, fourteen years after it occurred. One writer said: 'It was not Caruso, but the Budapest audience that failed to rise to the occasion.' But to-day I can frankly say that Caruso really failed as *Radames* at Budapest; and failed for a good reason. We both agreed to that by the end of the third act. It was a horrible night.

From time to time there formed in Caruso's larynx, which an eminent Berlin specialist once characterized as a 'miracle of God,' little deformities that had to be removed by surgery. These operations were not dangerous, but after them Caruso could not sing for a considerable period. Such an operation had been performed by a Milan surgeon some months before Caruso's appearance at Budapest. During the rehears-

als in that city he merely 'pantomimed,' something that was not his usual practice. He was sparing his voice to the utmost. On the evening that he was to sing he was exceedingly nervous. That was always the case, but on this occasion his unconquerable stage fright was worse than usual. He always dreaded the magnificent 'Celeste Aïda' in the first act, but usually overcame this feeling as soon as he began to sing and established contact with his audience. However, at Budapest this did not occur. He did not feel sure of himself; he did not let himself out; and he omitted certain artifices that less eminent artists are wont to use on such occasions. His stage fright affected his throat, the public refused to warm up, and 'Celeste Aïda' was an utter failure. It was received with chilly silence.

The moment it was over, Caruso was unsparing in self-criticism. He shouted to me in the wings an unrepeatable French word. He tried to recover in the third act, and made a still worse failure. He struggled to make his throat respond by main force, but did not succeed. His nervousness and lack of confidence increased and the Nile act also fell dead. That sealed the fate of the evening. The last act dragged out wearily to its end. Caruso knew that he had failed. Convinced that the whole night was a disaster, he made no further effort and, as he said to me later, only tried 'to get the thing over as soon as possible.'

We at once started a publicity campaign. We were at the very beginning of the season, and were to play in Vienna immediately thereafter. The Budapest failure must at all costs be covered up and represented as a success. Since it was not permissible for Caruso to fail, the world was made to believe that the audience failed; that Caruso sang wonderfully to people who could not appreciate him. And this sugges-

tive legend survived fourteen years — until after his death!

Only three days intervened between his Budapest and Vienna appearances. This interval was devoted to constant practice. When Caruso stepped upon the stage at the Austrian capital as *Radames*, all his confidence had returned. He had recovered himself and his voice, and the enthusiastic reception of the public culminated in a tremendous ovation. The truth is, that Vienna was always only too happy to demonstrate against Budapest.

It has not been my intention to speak of Caruso's stage successes; but I am tempted to contrast with his Budapest experience his first appearance in that part at Berlin. He was in splendid form, and when he sang 'Celeste Aïda,' rising exultantly and without an effort to the highest note, and perfectly certain of his effect, something rare occurred. He was interrupted by the irrepressible enthusiasm of his audience. But that was only a prelude to what followed.

The third act was truly extraordinary, a real episode in operatic history. Destinn as *Aïda*, and Caruso as *Radames*, attained an effect that any music lover who had the privilege of being present will never forget. Both displayed in the great duet a power and a perfection that seemed to transcend the limits of human melody, and to rise to the divine. The perfect accord of these two glorious voices; their union, parting, and reunion; their mutual rivalry in beauty and mastery; the perfect support that each gave the other, were of such marvelous beauty, such indescribable perfection, that the effect was unique.

What followed after the duet, and after the conclusion of the act, was not applause, not an ordinary outburst of enthusiasm, but a paroxysm. I saw the audience, which packed the house to the roof, rise like a single person. I heard

thousands of people shouting and stamping their feet. They did not call 'Caruso!' 'Destinn!' They merely howled and roared. I lost count of the number of times the artists were called before the curtain. The duet in the fourth act — the prison scene — was equally magnificent, and was received by the audience with the same uncontrollable enthusiasm. During my life I have heard Caruso sing many, many times, in many, many cities; but I never witnessed another evening like that first presentation of *Aida* in Berlin.

Aside from his art Caruso was not altogether an easy man to deal with. He was a peculiar combination of greatness and pettiness. The unpredictable Neapolitan traits of his character were often irritating and embarrassing. His education was scanty. During all the years that I spent with him I never saw a book in his hand. I never was able to persuade him to visit a museum or a picture gallery, and rarely a theatre. The notable sights that strangers cross the ocean to see had not the slightest interest for him.

Yet he was a man of keen, though narrow, interests. He had the bearing and manner of a great, popular, admired artist; but he never posed. He possessed much native tact, and excellent taste in dress. He combined with a certain practical shrewdness a masterful, arbitrary disposition, and was immovable once his mind was made up. He could be cordial and kind, and considerate for the blunders and mistakes of others; but he could also be immensely unjust. A person who quarreled with him always got the worst of it. He never would admit that he was wrong, no matter what his refusal to do so might cost.

Living with him daily and being constantly in his society, especially in view of the fact that he did not know a single word of German, made excessively

heavy demands upon a person's head, nerves, patience, and endurance. When his morning's practice was over, his mail of fifty or sixty letters disposed of, an hour's walk from his hotel through one of the business streets over, and the *Corriere della Sera*, which he must have daily, hastily read, then the day's business was finished, and he dawdled away the remainder of his time with artificial efforts to fill out the emptiness of his life. Among his devices for this purpose were: pasting snapshots and photographs in an album; playing an extraordinarily dull Italian card-game, which I never learned and in which the most outrageous cheater won; listening to German stories whose point he could not understand, and telling Italian stories whose point no German could understand; visiting the movies, and the like. When these were exhausted Caruso would become irritable, and something new must be invented to amuse him.

In fact, it was a hopeless task to interest Caruso in anything outside his art. He was kind and considerate; but he simply did not respond. This showed itself in social intercourse. At receptions and parties he could seldom carry on a regular conversation. Although every precaution was made to surround him with people conversant with French and Italian, we never succeeded in making him a social success. Instead of talking, Caruso preferred to draw caricatures, at which he was exceedingly clever, or to write autographs, which everybody wanted.

We always had a critical time just before Caruso went on the stage. He suffered fearfully from stage fright. Every artist is more or less a victim of this disease; but it assumed indescribable dimensions in Caruso's case, so that he became for the moment like a man bereft of reason, and the despair of everybody associated with him. The

number of cigarettes he smoked was the thermometer by which I measured the height of his nervous temperature. He was not normally a heavy smoker, and never used cigars. Days when he did not sing he would smoke eight or ten cigarettes. But performance days! And particularly when he was to appear in important parts — *Aïda*, *Pagliacci*, *Tosca*. From early morning until the close of the performance, his room at the hotel, and his dressing-room at the theatre, would be a cloud of smoke; and innumerable cigarette stubs would litter his dressing-table. After one performance of *Aïda*, at Berlin, I counted fifteen half-consumed cigarettes in a single saucer. No amount of advice or persuasion could cure him of this habit. Caruso would say: 'If I cannot smoke I cannot sing. Smoking is the only thing that calms my nerves.'

His taste in cigarettes was extraordinary. The first time we were in Vienna he discovered a brand manufactured by the Royal and Imperial Tobacco Monopoly, called 'Sultan.' These were filled with frightful garbage, and used mostly by porters and drivers of cheap cabs, because their odor was intolerable except outdoors. He would buy huge quantities of these to take with him, always laying in an immense supply before he left for New York.

By chance Caruso made the acquaintance at my house of a friend of mine, who was the proprietor of a well-known cigarette factory in Berlin. The next day he received at his hotel a marvelous floral decoration, containing in its recesses a great collection of the best and most expensive cigarettes. For several days he thought they were fine; then he began to crave his horrible 'Sultans.'

Caruso's pocket flasks, as well as his cigarettes, served as a barometer to measure his agitation before going on the stage. He would have drinks concocted in the dressing-room, and placed

in four or five little bottles. Each of his stage costumes contained a small concealed pocket which he could easily reach with his hand. Each pocket contained one of these tiny flasks. Whenever he became agitated, or fancied that his throat was dry, he would turn his back to the audience and drain one of these tiny bottles, often using a pause in a song for this purpose. Many evenings the little bottles would have to be filled repeatedly, and on other evenings the supply would be scarcely touched.

Naturally his employment of this 'elixir' on the stage did not escape observation, and during the early years created great curiosity. Caruso did not like to have it talked about. I am at liberty now to disclose the formula. It consisted of five drops of aniseed oil, which he had specially prepared by a pharmacist, mixed with lukewarm water about an hour before the performance began. To this was added orange juice filtered through a fine sieve, and a tiny pinch of ordinary table salt. I place the recipe at the disposal of all stage artists, though I do not guarantee its special value.

Days when Caruso was to appear, utter silence must be preserved in his vicinity; even a loudly spoken word tortured him. For breakfast and dinner he ate very lightly, of easily digested food. After drinking two cups of camomile tea, he would sally forth about five o'clock to the theatre. As soon as he had established contact with his audience, his stage fright disappeared; even though he received no applause, he was conscious at once of a sympathetic reception.

Caruso showed from our first meeting a personal liking for me, that in the course of years ripened into genuine friendship. During our early acquaintance we had no financial relations. The Metropolitan Opera Company was his employer, and I acted merely as its

authorized representative, though with wide discretionary powers. But before his first contract with the Metropolitan Opera Company expired, he told me that when it was renewed he had decided to reserve for himself complete right to make such arrangements as he thought best for Europe, and asked me whether in that case I would engage him for his European tours. Incidentally he wished several new concessions. Naturally I told him at once that I should be glad to make such a contract. Thereupon we concluded an engagement for several years, subject to the proviso that he arrange matters with the Metropolitan Opera Company. A few weeks later this was accomplished.

Following closely the wording of his American contract, I was to decide the time, place, number of appearances, repertoire, rehearsals, and all similar items of his European tours; to pay him a fixed sum in dollars; to guarantee him a maximum and minimum number of appearances; and to advance him annually a certain part of his honorarium. Previously Caruso had paid all of his expenses out of his own pocket. I now consented, at his request, to pay all the expenses of himself and his attendants while in Europe, no matter what their character. That was not only a new and a burdensome provision, but, as I fully realized, one that might be abused. Caruso really had an excellent head for business. At that time, however, I would have consented to even more than that. Although during our subsequent business relations, extending over many years, I felt that I was sometimes imposed upon; although Caruso's expenses grew larger with every season; although there were weeks when he never had to put his hands in his pocket while I was spending lavishly in his behalf — I never regretted that clause in our agreement.

Many seasons passed without a sin-

gle unfortunate incident. Then there would come periods when Caruso seemed persecuted by fate. During the earlier months of 1912 we had a 'Black Hand' episode. A gang of Italians in New York tried to extort money from Caruso by means of threatening letters. This lasted for several weeks. He was under special police protection, and private detectives accompanied him on the street, until the conspiracy was broken up.

Another season, we had just stepped into the street one afternoon, following a piano recital at the Vienna Opera House, and were starting for our hotel, when we were confronted by a crowd of men filling the whole Ringstrasse. It was some sort of political demonstration. Caruso was recognized. He was suddenly surrounded by a mob of half-grown roughs, who shook their fists and shouted at him: '*Dös is ja der Katzlmacher der jeden Tag 30,000 Kronen auffrisst*' — 'This is the dago that eats up 30,000 crowns every day.'

We had an even more exciting and dangerous incident in Munich. It was during a performance of *La Bohème*, right after the third act. Caruso had had a great success and had been called before the curtain. Just as he stepped back upon the stage, a heavy piece of iron fell from aloft; it struck him with full force on the back of the head and knocked him down. Several artists and theatre attendants carried him to his dressing-room. He was laid, still unconscious, upon a couch. One can well understand the commotion this produced. Everyone, from the manager down, crowded into the room. The theatre physician was called immediately, but could not restore Caruso to consciousness. This lasted some twenty minutes. We consulted how to explain the omission of the fourth act to the public. A little later Caruso came to, and pointed to the back of his head,

with the words: '*Teste duro*' — 'Hard head.' And a moment later he exclaimed: '*Je chante à tout prix*.'

We waited a little longer. Caruso recovered, but could play his part only by an immense expenditure of effort. We promptly decided to change the fourth act, so that he should appear first seated at the deathbed of *Mimi* and remain seated throughout the act. Although the local management and the other artists were convinced that the thing was merely an accident, Caruso always believed that an attempt had been made to kill him, and thought he knew its author.

The best Berlin newspapers never open their columns to the personal advertising of artists, and devote little space to theatre gossip in any form. But in Vienna, Paris, Munich, Hamburg, Budapest, and other places, this kind of publicity is much cultivated, and whole columns of the newspapers are devoted to it. The demand for information regarding Caruso's personality and private life and habits naturally led to much exaggeration and invention. His three attendants — his valet, his costume man, who always attended him at the theatre and took full charge of his five big property-trunks, and his rehearsal partner — became 'a princely suite.' His little apartment of two rooms, and the three rooms for his attendants, each about as large and pretentious as a tailor's repair-shop, became 'a suite of apartments.' His 'private physician,' his 'polyglot secretary,' and his 'veteran tourist-guide,' were mere fancies of imaginative reporters.

There was no limit to their thirst for sensation. At Budapest, German and Hungarian newspapers rivaled each other in the invention of sensational and fantastic anecdotes about Caruso. Finally, not content with the modest material he afforded, they began to

devote space to me. One Hungarian newspaper reported: 'Enrico Caruso's impresario, like the ambassador of a Great Power, adorned with countless decorations and orders, appeared in a box during the performance. Those intimate with him relate that he carries with him constantly a casket containing scarfpins presented to him by princely personages.' I was never in the main body of the Budapest Opera House. My 'countless decorations' consist of two little crosses that make a most modest display, and I have never owned a scarfpin in my life.

This constant discussion of Caruso in the newspapers and in private circles eventually gave him the reputation of a great self-advertiser. That was utterly unjust. His advertising came of itself, without any effort on his part or on mine. When he arrived in a large city, a battery of movie cameras was ready to receive him, and hundreds of men and women gathered at the station to catch a first glimpse of the famous singer. Groups of curious spectators constantly loitered around the entrance and in the lobbies of the hotels where he stayed. Porters and theatre attendants had difficulty opening a way for him when he went to the theatre in the morning for his rehearsal, and when he left two hours later. Even in blasé Berlin, the crowd was so large when he left the Opera House at night that it was necessary to have special policemen to open the way to his automobile.

Nothing of that sort was paid for, yet it was advertising. Often, after a successful evening, we had fairly to beg the people in the streets to move aside enough to let our automobile pass. At Hamburg and Vienna, I have observed crowds of people hastening at full speed from the stage entrance to the neighboring hotel, to join the throng of hundreds already waiting there, where they would stand in the

cold October night air until midnight, staring at Caruso's brightly lighted chamber on the second floor. When we were traveling, people constantly loitered past our railway compartment in order to catch a glimpse of the famous singer. These thousands and thousands of admirers were our only advertisement. And such advertisements are many times as effective as those that are paid for and appear in print. I can say with assurance that, during his entire career, Caruso did not pay as much for publicity as is spent in a single season to launch a new actor or actress upon the Berlin stage.

In this connection I may relate an incident illustrating the spontaneous character of Caruso's fame. After the close of the New York season, the Metropolitan Opera Company was accustomed to make a tour through the larger cities of America. One year, however, they ventured an 'excursion' to Paris, where they played twenty times at the Châtelet Theatre. Caruso sang only during the first ten representations; but the other members of the really distinguished company played throughout the season, and a very eminent tenor was substituted for Caruso for the performances in which he did not appear.

Two days after the tickets were placed on sale, the fact was extensively advertised that thereafter tickets for the first ten performances would be sold only to persons who likewise purchased tickets for the same seats and at the same prices for the last ten performances. At first glance this seemed like an effort to advertise Caruso. But that was not the real purpose. During the first two days very few tickets had been sold for the last ten nights. People were interested only in hearing Caruso. So the directors met at the Hotel Scribe, with all the interested parties, and decided on this

measure. Their expenses were enormous in any case. No profit could be expected from the enterprise. Something heroic must be done to avoid a serious deficit. So this device was adopted, and resulted in selling out the house for the full twenty performances.

I regard the stories current of Caruso's wealth at the time of his death as tremendously exaggerated. Responsible newspapers in Europe estimated his estate at fifty or sixty million dollars. I am sure that Caruso did not receive anything like this sum during his whole artistic career. On November 8, 1913, I deposited Caruso's will, witnessed in my presence in conformity with the German law, in the 'Department for Testaments and Trusts' of the German Bank at Berlin. This will disposed of something more than seven million lire.

A truly great man has departed for the Great Beyond, for that bourne from which no traveler returns. A brilliant star in the firmament of art has been extinguished. In these brief memories I have sought to recall the artist and the man precisely as he was. I have not flattered, extenuated, or exaggerated, but have merely given my personal experiences as they were. Caruso's personality was too great, too overpowering, too characteristic of himself alone, to be distorted or misrepresented by flattery or untruth. With all his faults — and who is without them? — I loved him deeply, and he was a true and loyal friend to me, a good, kind friend torn away in the very prime of life. It was granted me to be his associate during the greater part of the period of his fame. As my memory reviews more than forty years' association with the stage, I feel, and many will feel with me, that to this man may truly be applied the words of Hamlet: 'Take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again.'

LOVE AND MONEY

BY GABRIEL MAURIÈRE

From *L'Écho de Paris*, March 21
(CLERICAL DAILY)

BIG Anatole had been out of the army only about a month, but as soon as he put on his peasant's jacket and got into his sabots, he grew languid. He tried to find out why he felt so queer. Had he got the chills and fever in the barn, or had he taken cold while he was sleeping in the shade of a walnut tree? It seemed to him that something was lacking, and yet he had come back from the war with all his arms and legs, and his peasant's clothes did not bother him a bit. He did n't go out to work the way he used to. He yawned and stretched and was bored, and he envied his neighbor, Ernest, who sang and whistled like a blackbird.

It 's true that Ernest, when he came back from the fields, found a young wife in a white fichu running about the house. While Anatole was thinking of this, a great light burst upon him. He wanted a wife — that was the trouble! And so, timidly, as if by chance, he broached the question while he was talking to his father, Nodose, at supper that evening.

'Making soup is no work for men,' said Anatole. 'It would n't be a bad idea to have a wife around the house.'

The two men, sitting by the fireplace with their elbows on their knees, let their words fall toward the andirons at long, slow intervals: —

'There 's 'Tiennette,' said the son.

'The wheelwright's daughter?'

'Yes, she 's up-and-coming, and she has n't two feet in the same shoe.'

'*Peuh!* What do you care about that? She has n't a sou — three or four acres of land at the most.'

'Have to see about that. People do say that the wheelwright has n't any money.'

'Look somewhere else if you want a wife,' said the old man indignantly. 'Why not Deschamps's daughter? There 's a fine girl for you, and she has a good big dot, too. There 's the girl for you.'

'*Tout de même*, we'll have to see about 'Tiennette,' said Anatole.

All that day, walking behind his cart, he kept thinking, and sometimes he thought so deeply that he did not see the field over which he was walking, and only woke up when his oxen stopped at the end of the furrow. The days went by and nothing, not even a good glass of wine, drove away the melancholy. His father would n't hear him speak of Étienne. And yet she was a merry, pretty little thing, and Deschamps's daughter would n't be half so well-worth having in the house as that little warbler of an Étienne, who sang and ran about all day long.

Alas, it was only too true that the wheelwright could give his daughter nothing but a little land and no money at all. What was there to do? Anatole racked his brain, without turning out a single idea that was worth anything at all, until one afternoon, coming home unexpectedly, he saw his father in the shed, hiding a big box behind a rabbit hutch in one corner. Though he was very much interested, he said nothing, but drew back quietly without catching his father's eye, for Anatole was by nature a retiring youth.

The next day he went to the shed and pulled back the planks. Throwing aside some straw, he found, in a battered old chest, an ancient portfolio, which he opened. Bundles of five-franc notes fell out. His mouth opened wide with surprise; and then, after he had listened and looked all around to make sure that he was quite alone, he counted the money slowly and carefully.

Twelve thousand francs! He had twelve thousand francs right there in his hand — twelve thousand francs, that little limp bundle of dirty, creased rags! The same thing as a new barn, cattle in the pasture, farming-machines, prosperity, joy, and life, all shut up in that dusty bundle! — And 'Tiennette! If only 'Tiennette had that! After all, did n't some of the money belong to him? Had his father given him his share when his mother died? Well, then —

That evening he met Étienne behind the garden hedge. They talked and talked. You might have thought that they were disputing over something. In half a whisper, but very energetically, she kept pronouncing categorical 'noes.' 'That would bring us bad luck.'

But finally it looked as though they had reached an understanding. A kiss sealed the agreement. The shadows went different ways into the night.

Père Nodose did not go to his hoard every day, and he never touched it except to put in a little more, so that little by little the treasure grew there in the darkness, like a big turnip in the ground. There's no doubt that it was n't any good to him. He never took a single crown. 'Put a stone in its place,' La Fontaine would say. Ha, my good people, don't you know what you could do with that gold? A lot of things: build a wing to your house, buy a fine, new carriage — yes, monsieur, one could have fine clothes like you with it! But there it all lay. There

was all that money in a hole in the ground. The old fellow had a good deal more than he really needed or wanted. The treasure was a dream unrealized — in truth, the old miser was a bit of a poet.

So when the day came on which Père Nodose found out that his treasure had disappeared, — at the same time that two rabbits vanished from the barnyard, — he was almost insane. He ran about the street shrieking like a man wounded in battle, but, alas, nobody found the thief or even the rabbits. No doubt it was while they were stealing the rabbits that the criminals had got their hands upon the treasure.

After that, Père Nodose fell ill. He had no taste for anything, until the time for sowing came, and his duty toward the imperious earth called him back to himself and woke him up.

One morning his son spoke to him.

'It's no use talking about my marrying now. You've let the whole world know that your money's gone. That was a clever thing to do!'

The old man hung his head and growled, but said nothing.

'There's nobody but 'Tiennette will marry me now; and what does even she want with me, now the money is gone?'

'Comment? Quoi? That penniless chit! Have n't I told you already that —'

'Penniless? You're mistaken. Her father will give her seven or eight thousand, perhaps more.'

Père Nodose was amazed.

'What! The wheelwright has money? Well, it's possible. He's such a miser. If what people say is true, they don't even eat enough in that house.'

Suddenly he remembered that he had lost his money, and the thought bowed down his pretensions. The son insisted. The father hardly resisted any more, and one day he went to talk business with the wheelwright.

Père Nodose, in spite of his loss, of the rascals. They just got a look at it and pretended to consider the proposal with a good deal of indifference, until the wheelwright modestly suggested: 'If you give your son the field near Carrons, I will put ten thousand francs into 'Tiennette's hand.'

That sounded like business. The two fathers reached an understanding, and a month afterward the two young people were married.

But what should happen next month but that Père Nodose, fumbling around in his shed to mend the planks, should find the precious portfolio, covered with spider webs, it is true, but with all its money intact. The queer thing was, that his son did not seem a bit surprised.

'I always said you did n't know what you were doing,' he told his father.

'*Pardieu!* They must have dropped it while they were grabbing my rabbits,

He never even suspected that his son, after having made way with the portfolio and thus secured a dot for his fiancée, had put the treasure back under the planks the very day after he was married.

Anatole had wanted to keep the money, but his wife would n't hear of it. She insisted on returning it, for in that way she had only a little sin to confess, just a matter of a little lie — not a very big sin, especially for a woman. Not nearly so big as a theft.

So the old gentleman really lost nothing except the two rabbits, which his son had killed to make it seem as though thieves had been about — really a very little sin. Anatole did not argue with his wife. He was happy and he simply adored her; Père Nodose, radiant with delight, worked for both of them like four men put together.

A PAGE OF VERSE

EARLY SPRING

BY GLADYS MARY HAZEL

[*Westminster Gazette*]

Now while the stars are shut from sight
In gayety of blue,
Come, take your fill of earth's delight
As other creatures do.

Even the clouds that are swept along
Must smell the soil in the breeze.
The air is shrill with cry and with song,
And the buds are red on the trees.

The walls of sense about you spread
Inclose you like blue skies:
You who have seen the leaves fall dead
Shall see the new leaves rise.

O men who take for sacrament
Fruit of the vine and wheat,
Shall you not know a great content
With the little blades at your feet,
Sprung from an earth so sweet?

'HEART AND BRAIN'

(*The Genoa Conference*)

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

[*Observer*]

NIGHT-FOUNDERED Heart had lost her
ways

Amid long strivings of good will,
Noble endeavors come to nil,
And heaven-high futilities
Pursued in faith, with passion strong
To slay the evil, right the wrong.
Now wan and weary, faint and spent,
For some new guiding star she gropes;
To light another vision, blent
Of her great will and deathless hopes.

And Brain, grown bitter with the blows
He'd beat upon the vile and base,
Staggered before the iron face
Of huge, unconquered human woes.
He smote and smote and could not see
What lacked his mighty energy,
But marked each stroke deflected sheer
From armed ignorance and greed
That scorned his challenges austere,
Flouted the clarion of his creed.

O generous Heart, O Brain steel-bright,
Foregather, come together, rise,
And dawn shall break upon the night
Of your divided destinies,
To wake the weary soul of earth
Sunk in long impotence and dearth.
When Reason mounts her empty
throne —

For orb and sceptre Heart and Brain —
Mankind shall come into his own
And human Love with Wisdom reign.

THE BROOK

BY EDMUND BLUNDEN

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

UP, my jewel! let's away
There where none but young love
lingers;

Bells are ringing folks to pray,
But ours are older bells and ring-
ers,

Where the stream's broken gleams
Glance through tresses of green
willow,

Fishes glide, and beside
Flowers laugh, blue, white, and
yellow.

On this bridge 't is good to lean,
Cooling care with the dance and
drippe,

Nor do you your lovelight screen
Whenas you watch the dimpling
ripple:

Minim waves, nutshell caves,
Cataracts over pebbles hurling,
To whose falls on the walls
Myriad mimic suns go twirling!

But what dying dying fall,
What low ebbing syllables
Hear I now? what ghosts recall
Their shadowing piteous chroni-
cles?

O my dear! this pale fear —
Sun so cold, so dark! Oh, never —
My life stream's broken gleams
Stolen into the gulf for ever!

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

DR. WALTER LEAF'S TRANSLATIONS
FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY

DR. WALTER LEAF, distinguished alike as a Greek scholar and a successful English banker, has completed a series of verse translations from the Greek Anthology, which is hailed with enthusiasm by all the English reviews except *The Nation* and *the Athenæum*. This last critic can find nothing better to say than that 'Dr. Leaf has done rather better than the average dabbler,' and concludes frigidly: 'When Dr. Leaf speaks to us as a Hellenist we listen to him with respect; as a translating poet he is different.'

There will not be many to agree with this carper. *Little Poems from the Greek* is likely to nestle on many a bookshelf close beside Professor Gilbert Murray's superb renderings of the dramatic poets. Here, by way of example, is a bit of Dr. Leaf's deft workmanship:—

Go, Dorcas, tell Lycainis her veneer
Of love is sham; and time makes all shams clear.
Go, tell her, Dorcas — tell it, tell it twice:
Mind, tell it all; be off, and tell it thrice.
No lingering, fly! Here! Stop a minute! Hold!
Why hurry off before the whole is told?
Just add that — no, I mean that — I don't
know —

Don't say a word — but just — tell all. So go!
Be sure you tell it all! But why send you,
Dorcas, when I myself am going too?

Here is another trifle, almost worthy
of comparison with Catullus's Latin
verses on Lesbia's sparrow: —

Pretty linnet, art thou gone?
Gone, the Grace's dear delight,
Voice that matched the halcyon,
Daintiness and music bright
Flown to silent ways of night.

And here is a forgotten Greek landscape: —

Untended, white with driven snow,
Down from the hills the cattle go
Back to their stalls at even;
Their herdsman sleeps beneath the oak
His long last sleep, stilled by the stroke
Of the red fire of heaven.

With, of course, a love affair, this
time from Meleager: —

Lost, a boy! A runaway!
Raise the hue and cry O!
From his bed at break of day,
Naughty Love did fly O!
Fleet he is, a quiver bears,
Wings upon his shoulder;
Saucy laugh and dainty tears;
None can chatter bolder.
What his country none can tell,
Nor his sire before him;
Land and sea and heaven and hell,
Swear they never bore him.
All disown him, all detest!
Hurry! While you 're staying,
Sure the rascal in some braid
Other snares is laying.
Ho, you rogue! I spy your lair!
Now you cannot fly, sir,
Lurking with your arrows there,
In my Zeno's eyes, sir!

In a note on Callimachus, Dr. Leaf points out that it is barely possible he may have had some acquaintance with Isaiah. On this highly controversial ground, it is perhaps as well to quote the literary critic of the *Times*: —

Dr. Leaf's notes are short and to the point. One of them raises a highly interesting speculation. It is extremely doubtful how far, if at all, the pre-Christian Greek world was influenced by Hebrew literature; but Dr. Leaf suggests that the famous words of Isaiah, 'How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, Son of the Morning!' may have been known to Callimachus, whose date is the third century; and he gives reasons. An epigram of Callimachus about a lamp has a reference in it to 'Hesperus, how art thou fallen'; and only a slight change of spelling will convert the name into the Greek equivalent for Lucifer, the dawn-bringer; and the epigram will then end with

Isaiah's words. In Dr. Leaf's version it becomes:—

This lamp, with twenty wicks endowed,
Has Critias' Callistion vowed
Over Apellis her daughter
Unto Canopus' deity.
You 'll cry, when all my flame you see,
'How art thou fallen, O Lucifer!'

Dr. Leaf does not suggest that Callimachus knew Hebrew; but he lived at Alexandria, under Ptolemy Philadelphus, who gave his patronage to the Septuagint translation; and so he may have seen another and an earlier Greek version of the line, which, like the English of the Bible, fell into the form of a hexameter.



THE LITERARY TREASURES OF THE BURDETT-COUTTS LIBRARY

ONE of the most famous copies of the First Folio in the world will be sold at Sotheby's in London, May 15 to 17, when the library of Baroness Burdett-Coutts goes to the auction block. This Folio belonged to George Daniel, from whose library it was taken by the Baroness for six hundred and eighty-two guineas sixty years ago. It is one of the tallest copies in existence, measuring thirteen and one-eighth by eight inches, and is practically perfect—an unusual thing in Shakespeare Folios, most of which have suffered at the hands of time or of unscrupulous collectors. There are few finer copies in existence, even though the British Museum, which owns numerous Folios, has at least one that equals or surpasses it and there are at least two taller copies. Another equally fine is in the Widener collection in Harvard University, a perfect copy which was once the property of Sir Frederick Locker-Lampson.

The Burdett-Coutts sale will also dispose of another First Folio, whose history can be traced from about 1650, when it was owned by Ralph Sheldon, Weston Manor House, Long Compton,

Warwickshire. It left the Long Compton Library in 1781 at the price of two pounds, four shillings, and subsequently passed into the possession of John Horne Tooke, who gave it with his library to Sir Francis Burdett. This copy measures twelve and five-eighths by eight inches, but it has some imperfections and defects. It still retains part of the original calf-binding, though this has been rebaked with morocco, and it bears the Sheldon arms in gold on the side. It is one of the few First Folios which contain the cancelled leaf, bearing on the recto the concluding lines of *Romeo and Juliet* and on the reverse the opening of *Troilus and Cressida*, which, as every Shakespearean student knows, indicates a last-minute change of mind on the part of the printers as to the order in which the plays should be printed.

There is also a fine quarto of the *Poems*, still in the original sheepskin and bearing the autograph of George Daniel, for which only forty-four pounds were paid. This quarto and the more famous of the two Folios were kept in a specially carved and decorated casket made for them from the Hunter's Oak at Windsor, which is referred to in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. When the old tree fell in 1863, Queen Victoria sent part of the wood to Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who had this casket carved from it.

The sale will also include a number of other interesting items. There are six hundred letters written by Charles Dickens to the Baroness herself, which now come on the market for the first time. None of these appears ever to have been published. Dickens describes his 'agonies of plotting and contriving a new book' in a letter written from Devonshire in 1842. The new book was *Martin Chuzzlewit*, which is dedicated to the Baroness. 'At such times,' writes the novelist, 'the boldest fly at

my approach, even the postman knocks at the door with a mild feebleness, and my publishers always come two together, lest I should fall upon a single invader and do murder on his intrusive body.' There are also letters from Dr. Johnson, Pope, and Swift, as well as manuscripts of Pope's *Pastorals*.



THOREAU IN FRANCE

A NEW French edition of Thoreau's *Walden* has just appeared in France. It is one of a series of translations of foreign literature undertaken by the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, a publishing house which is responsible for numerous radical departures in French literature. The peaceful Thoreau seems a curious subject for these literary intransigents, but as the well-known critic, Dominique Braga, observes in the columns of *L'Europe Nouvelle*: 'Nature is a great subject to write about, especially when a man is concealed in it.' And perhaps this is why the French publishers selected for translation the nature-lover of Concord.

M. Braga goes on to say: —

And so this man finds a pretext for confiding to this majestic friend all that his heart tells him after its contact with other men. . . . In Thoreau's hands, this makes a copious volume full of writing which is unequal but always surprising. You cannot ask this solitary for thought in the abstract sense of the word. Thoreau conceives a certain type of individual who wishes no compromise. He has tried to realize this type by withdrawing from unworthy associations. . . . An action of this kind might pass as completely antisocial. It is certain that Thoreau himself felt this, when he occupied himself with the slavery question, and that the hanging of John Brown aroused active indignation in him.

It is said that in 1913, M. Louis Fabulet, the translator of Kipling, went to M. André Gide of the *Nouvelle*

Revue Française to tell him of an American writer whom he thought the French public ought to know. Before his visitor had pronounced the name, M. Gide drew a copy of *Walden* from his pocket and set it on the table. M. Gide had had the same idea as M. Fabulet, and in fact had already translated a few pages. Later, when M. Fabulet was about to publish his translation, he learned to his surprise that M. Léon Bazalgette, the translator of Walt Whitman, had undertaken the same task and was already well advanced with an entirely independent translation of *Walden*. Upon learning, however, that M. Fabulet had completed his work, M. Bazalgette gracefully retired in his favor.



AN ALIEN FROG IN NEW ZEALAND

The Naturalization of Animals and Plants in New Zealand does not sound like the title of an especially amusing book, but appearances are deceptive as ever, if we pick the right spots in the six hundred pages of the Honorable George M. Thomson's volume, which recounts the long story of the introduction of animals and plants from old England to their new Southern home. One of the most amusing things he quotes is this curious and pathetic paragraph from the report of the Canterbury Society, which brought in a great many English animals: —

The old original frog which was imported into the colony by Mr. Murray-Aynsley, and which at one time drew a concourse of three hundred visitors to the Acclimatization Gardens in one day, is supposed to have been swallowed by a stray swan.

A writer in the London *Outlook* commenting on this passage says: 'What a charming picture that gives us of three hundred homesick English men and

women gazing enraptured at one English frog!’

There is also this lively little picture of the release of the first carp placed in the lake at Rotorua in 1873:—

They had been brought up from Napier in a billy. Members of the constabulary had been purposely stationed at intervals of several miles along the track from Napier to Taupo, a distance of ninety miles, and the billy and its precious contents was passed on from man to man till it reached Tapuaharuru, where the fish were liberated near the outlet of the lake. All hands and the cook from the redoubt proceeded to the spot to see the liberation, and many natives came across the Waikato River to see the new pakeha fish. There was great cheering as the little carp swam out from the bank. The natives called them there and then ‘Morihana,’ after Captain Morrison (the subinspector of the constabulary responsible), and they are still known only by this name by the natives in the Taupo and Rotorua districts.

The object of the settlers in introducing the familiar birds, beasts, and flowers was partly economic, but it was very largely sentimental, especially in the later days of the colonies. The settlers brought in all kinds of birds, many of which are quite without utilitarian value. The Canterbury Society, for example, in 1864 offered two pounds a pair for thrushes, blackbirds, skylarks, and rooks, not to mention five pounds for partridges and ten guineas for grouse and blackcock. Another society the same year offered three pounds a pair for nightingales, and thirty shillings for robins—the English robin, of course, not the familiar visitor of our own American springs. The most amusing thing to Americans who have suffered from their inroads is that the same society was willing to pay thirty shillings for English sparrows. Those New Zealanders *must* have been homesick!

THE FLIGHT OF MIGRATING BIRDS

PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON, the eminent English biologist, in a recent popular lecture gave some interesting data in regard to the flight of birds. He corrected erroneous beliefs in regard to the speed with which migrating birds fly, declaring that even the swiftest-winged birds do not exceed fifty miles an hour, and the rate at which migrants travel varies considerably below this. Professor Thomson pointed out the extreme difficulty in securing reliable data, a difficulty for which the habit of flying at night is very largely responsible.

He described also some experiments that have been made with air craft. It has hitherto been believed that migrating birds traveled at great heights, going even as high as ten thousand feet above sea level, but when birds were released from flying machines at such a height, it was found that they were overpowered by the cold and the thinness of the atmosphere. It now seems that cranes and geese, the highest-flying birds, usually travel at about three thousand feet. The highest bird so far observed from air craft is a skylark, which was encountered six thousand feet up.

*

BOOKS MENTIONED

- Keyserling, Graf Hermann. *Das Reise-tagebuch eines Philosophen*. Munich and Leipzig: Verlag von Duncker und Humblot. Seventh edition.
- Leaf, Dr. Walter. *Little Poems from the Greek*. London: Grant Richards. 5s. net.
- Thomson, Hon. George M. *The Naturalization of Animals and Plants in New Zealand*. Cambridge University Press. 42s.
- Thoreau, H. D. *Walden*. Translated by Louis Fabulet. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française, 1922.



The Notion-Counter

A FARRAGO of FOIBLES

Being Notes About Nothing By NOBODY

ILLUSTRATED BY SOMEBODY

DEDICATED TO EVERYBODY

In this quaintly bound little volume have been collected some of the most whimsical and delightful of the articles which have appeared in the Contributors' Club of the *Atlantic Monthly*. They are the articles which have called forth the most appreciative comment in the past, and which will certainly get many a chuckle out of anyone who has a chuckle in his system.

The drolleries revealed in such chapters as "My Wife's Address Book," "On Millinery," "Woman versus Woman," etc., are the humanly common ones which, in print, never fail to entertain. \$1.00

Finding Youth

By NELSON ANDREWS

What shall *I* be at sixty? Who has not asked himself the question? Who does not long for the assurance that the last years of life are the gold at the foot of the rainbow, rather than the setting of the sun?

Everyone to whom the certainty of age recurs as a shadow to dim the brighter time of youth and maturity should read this keenly interesting story of a man who found himself after the world had discarded him,—a man who at sixty, reached a great turning point—the beginning of the really vital part of his life. The appeal of this book will be as universal as the problem of age itself. \$1.00

A Glance Toward Shakespeare

By JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

This little volume contains a wealth of brilliant criticism and stirring suggestion. It is the latest work of Mr. Chapman who makes evident that his literary gifts are equalled by his knowledge and fine appreciation of the drama.

It is as plays, rather than as poetry, that he discusses the works of Shakespeare and the more significant of the plays are treated individually. Other special subjects are "The Plays as Poetry," "Shakespeare's Types," and Notes on "Enunciation" and "American Speech." \$1.25

Consolation

By MRS. ALBION FELLOWS BACON

Those who, because of personal loss or a friend's grief, long for the assurance of immortality, will find in this little book just the message which many so vainly, as a rule, seek to put into words. Written out of the poignant experience of her own great loss, Mrs. Bacon's article is like a steady hand to those groping in the darkness of bereavement, and offers a gospel of faith and hope which reaches all hearts. 75 cents

At All Booksellers, or

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS, Inc.

8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Mass.

L.A. 5-20-22

Gentlemen:—Enclosed find.....and mail, postpaid, books checked above.

Name.....City.....

Street.....State.....



THE LIVING AGE

for NEXT WEEK

WILL CONTAIN AMONG OTHER THINGS

THE WORLD SITUATION IN THE LIGHT OF HISTORY

Professor Friedrich Meinecke

CHINA'S CHECKERED POLITICS

David Fraser

PERSONAL MEMORIES OF TENNYSON. III *Mrs. Warre Cornish*

FRANCE AND ISLAM

A Special Correspondent

A STAGGERING CIVILIZATION

* * *

LORENZO DE' MEDICI'S LAST REFUSAL

Laura Dániel-Leugyel

Ercole Barsanti's Letter

MEXICO AND PETROLEUM

A Mexican Correspondent

THE NEW GERMAN LITERATURE

A. Filippov

WAVE DESERT. *A Story*

K. L. Montgomery

OBERAMMERGAU'S TRADITION

A Berlin Correspondent

The Passion Play and its History

CHAMPOLLION, DECIPHERER OF THE HIEROGLYPHICS

Émile Henriot

If you are not a subscriber, and would like to receive
the magazine regularly, fill out the coupon below

THE LIVING AGE

Rumford Building, Concord, N. H., or

8 Arlington Street, Boston (17), Mass.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find \$5.00 for my subscription to the LIVING AGE for one
year beginning.....

Name.....

Address.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.CITY
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

5-20-22